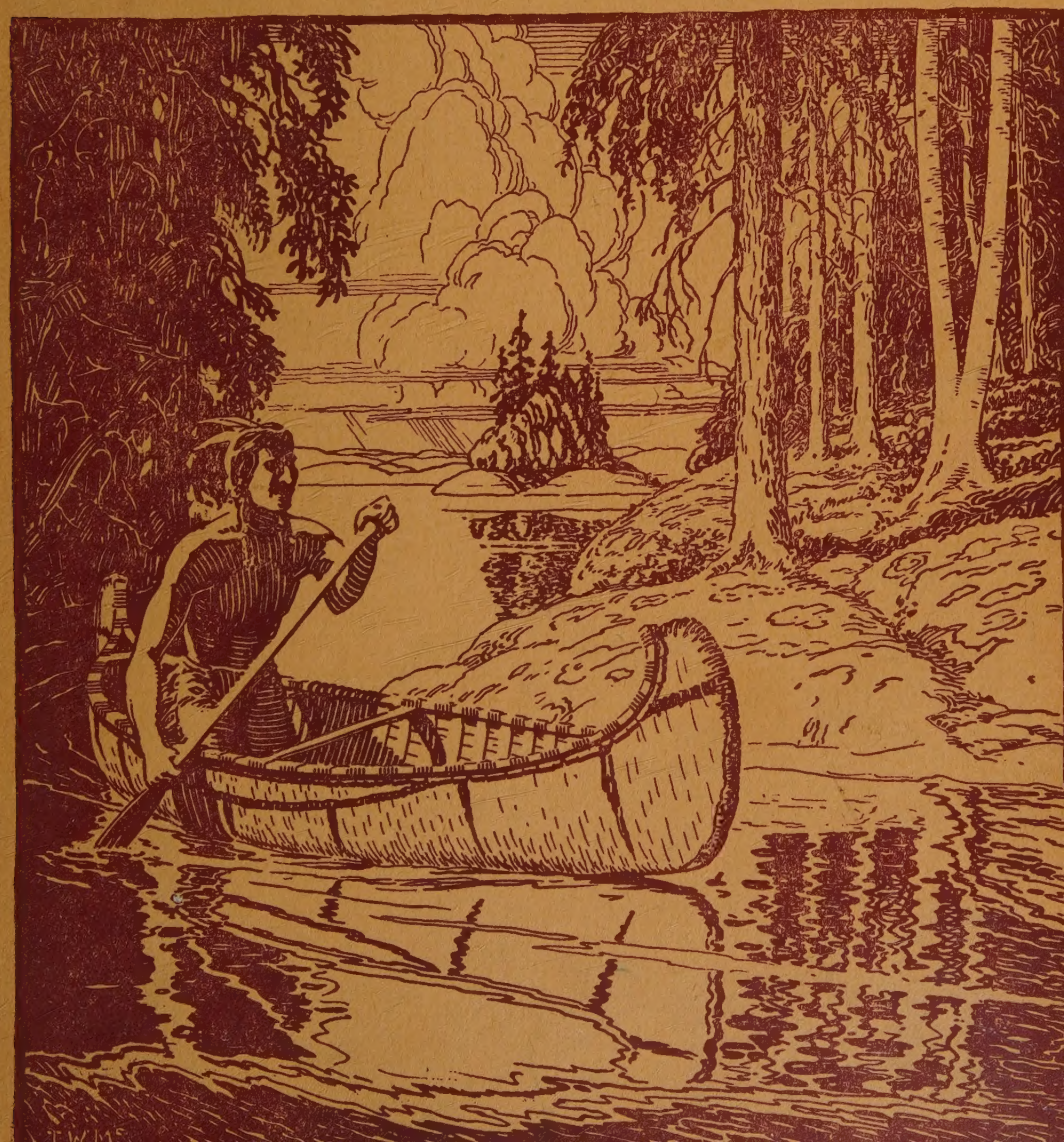
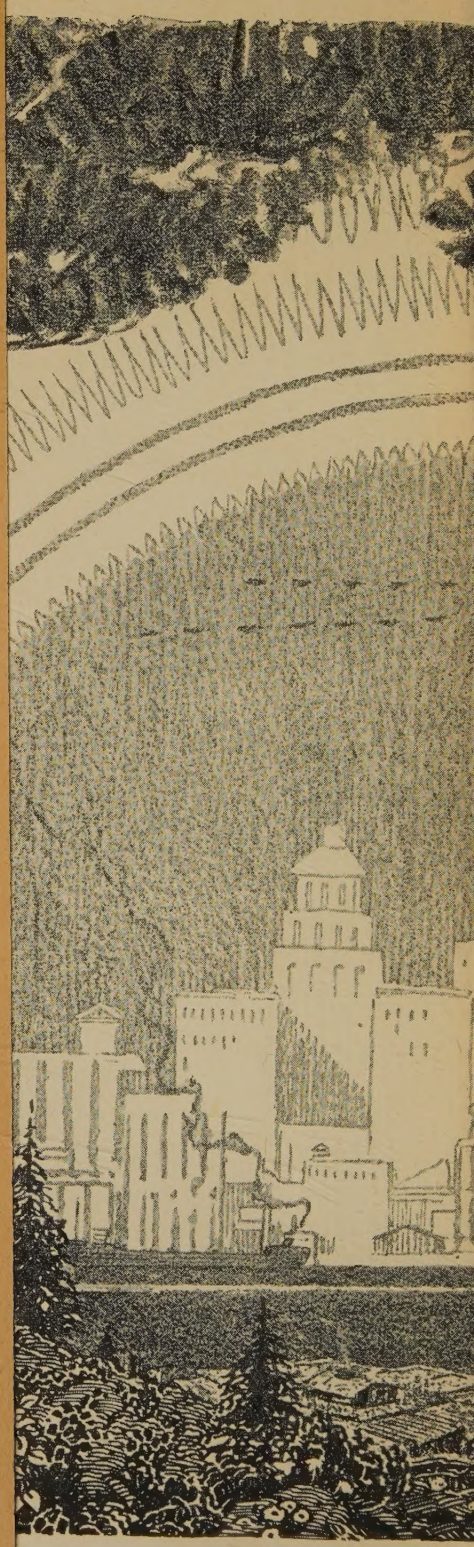
CANADIAN VERSE

For BOYS & GIRLS





T.W.M.S

R2 Wisconsin

With much love

and Best wishes for a

very happy Birthday.

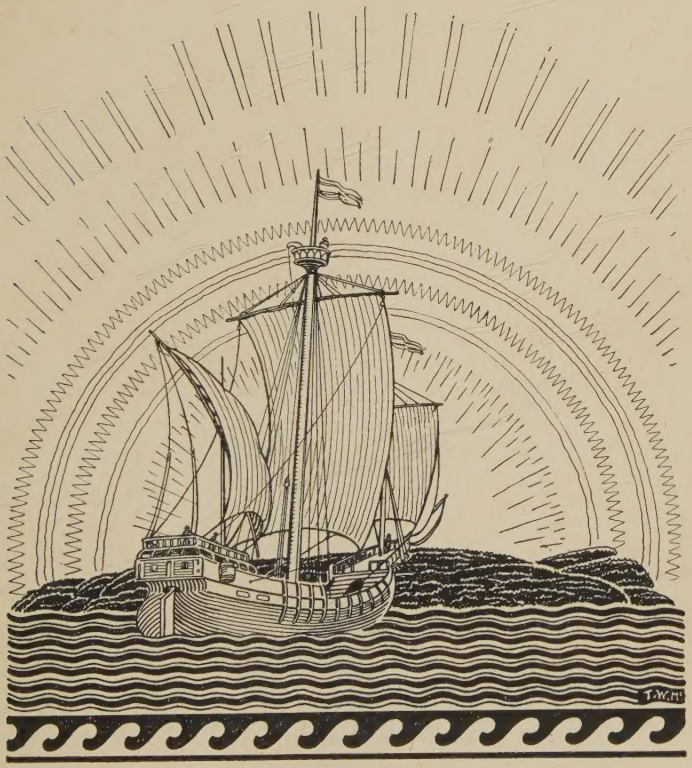
Jerr.

Sept. 8, 1943

"HOLD FAST TO YOUR SEAT, SWEETHEART, AND RIDE JERRY WELL"
(From "The Forest Fire" by Charles G. D. Roberts)

CANADIAN VERSE
For BOYS and GIRLS

Chosen and Edited
by
JOHN W. GARVIN



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FOREWORD

It has long been in my mind and heart to compile and edit for the boys and girls of Canada, just such a book as this. Not all of our good poets have written verse, suitable for them, but a substantial number have done so, and here is a compilation that should delight many thousands of readers.

Poems have been chosen to suit different ages, and their originality and charm should appeal as well to elder brothers and sisters and to teachers and parents. Those by Arthur Bourinot, Florence Randal Livesay, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and Marian Osborne, 'A Small Boy Prays' by George Herbert Clarke, 'Little Batesse' by W. H. Drummond, and several by Ethelwyn Wetherald, have been chosen specially for the younger readers. Those somewhat older will like these also, but may prefer 'The Ships of Yule' by Bliss Carman, 'Jack' by Frederick George Scott, 'The Christmas Baby' by Isabella Valancy Crawford, 'Sandpipers' by Helen Merrill Egerton, Jean Graham's poems, 'My Dog and I' and 'The Lost Shoe' by Nora M. Holland, 'The Heavenly Runaway' and 'Rainbow Row in Heaven' by John Daniel Logan, 'Whist-A-Wee', 'Ylette and Yvonne' and M'sieu' by Wilson MacDonald, 'Legend of the Valley Lilies' and 'Sweet Pea Blossoms' by Alma Frances McCollum, 'Swallows' and 'Daisy Time' by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Lloyd Robert's poems, 'Exile' and 'A Southern Lullaby' by Virna Sheard, 'The Fruit-Vendor' by Frances Beatrice Taylor, 'The Sparrow' by Albert Durrant Watson, and the bird poems of Ethelwyn Wetherald. All the others are suitable for more advanced readers.

Musical and emotional and sometimes humorous verse, such as the poems chosen, are particularly attractive to young people when read aloud, even though the meaning be not fully understood.

It has been a pleasure to make this selection entirely from Canadian verse. Canada has reason to be proud of her poets, for they have reached a high plane of excellence, and the time has come when they should have more extensive and general recognition in our schools and homes.

Lengthier biographical and critical details can be found in my larger anthology, *Canadian Poets,* (revised edition).

The authors are arranged in alphabetical order. The number of pages given each has no significance, as the space was conditioned by the length of the poems desired.

The thanks of the publishers and the editor are due to the poets or their heirs who own the copyrights of poems used; and to the following Publishing Houses:

McClelland & Stewart Limited, for use of the poems by Jean Blewett, Bliss Carman, William Henry Drummond, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, and Duncan Campbell Scott; 'The Fruit-Vendor' by Frances Beatrice Taylor; 'The Port of Saint John' by H. A. Cody; and 'Hidden Treasure' by Frank Oliver Call.

Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, for use of the poems by Marian Osborne: 'The Clover Field' by Louise Morey Bowman; and 'The Shark' by Edwin John Pratt.

J. M. Dent & Sons Limited, for use of 'My Dog and I' and 'The Lost Shoe' by Norah M. Holland; 'A Southern Lullaby' and 'The Lily Pond' by Virna Sheard; 'The Legend of Siwash Rock' by A. M. Stephen; and the three poems by George Herbert Clarke.

The Ryerson Press, for use of the poems by Albert Durrant Watson and Tom MacInnes.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston, for use of Charles G. D. Roberts' poems.

The Evening Telegram, Toronto, for use of The Khan's lyrics.

'The Balad of the Yaada' by E. Pauline Johnson is printed by permission of *Saturday Night.*

TORONTO, CANADA.

John W. Garvin

Thanks are due also to L. C. Page & Company, for the use of "Unto a Fountain Clear", Professor Call's translation of "À la Claire Fontaine", taken from their book, "The Spell of Acadia"; to Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott for permission to use poems by Archibald Lampman; to Doubleday, Doran & Co., for permission to use poems by Robert Norwood; and to The Musson Book Company for permission to use "The Song my Paddle Sings", by E. Pauline Johnson.

INTRODUCTORY

Jacques Cartier

By Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away,
In the crowded old Cathedral, all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled many hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned his loss—
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in Spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene, until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain,—he told them how soon is cast
In early Spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the Winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of Summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild:
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon;
And of the wonders wrought for them, thro' the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height;
And of the fortress cliff, that keeps of Canada the key;—
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from the perils over sea.

Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, brilliant journalist, poet, orator and statesman, and one of the most influential of the Fathers of Confederation, was born at Carlingwood, County Louth, Ireland, April 13, 1825. His father was a coast guard. He received little school education, but his quick intelligence, observation and reading soon made him a leader among his fellows. Emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1842, and soon became conspicuous for his hatred of England. Journalism and the platform gave him many opportunities to vent his wrath. In time he became wiser and more moderate in his views, and finally opposed Fenianism. In 1857, he moved to Montreal, Lower Canada, and was shortly elected to Parliament. Soon he became a Cabinet Minister, and an ardent, eloquent, convincing advocate of the Union of the British North American Colonies. In 1867, Confederation was gloriously achieved. The next year, this noble, exalted gentleman was shot from behind without warning, by an assassin's bullet. He was a martyr of the new Dominion and a prophet whose memory is cherished by all loyal Canadians.

Mary Josephine Benson

Mary Josephine Benson is the talented wife of Dr. Harry W. Benson of Port Hope, medical practitioner. She was born in that burgh, March 20, 1887, and was a High School student there when she passed the University Matriculation examination. Before her marriage, Miss Trotter did successful work in journalism in Toronto. She is the second of the five daughters of the late Rev. John E. and Mrs. Trotter, and a niece of the late Thomas Trotter, D.D., LL.D., Professor at McMaster University. In a letter written by Mrs. Benson are these words: "I had a cloudlessly happy childhood with four gay sisters, such excellent pretenders, that despite the restrictions of a ministerial salary, we mostly lived in castles instead of houses." *My Pocket Beryl* (poetry) was published in 1921.

Tumbler Leaves

Acrobats, a coloured flock,
Occupy my garden walk,
Leaves in troops below the trees
Blown like tumbler Japanese.

Wind, the trainer, old and wise
Fills his cheeks in sombre skies,
Blows with gusto, cracks his whip,
Bids his children fly and skip.

Leaping from his crooked hands
Birch-leaves drape him where he stands,
Perilous in attitudes
Learnt of goblins in the woods.

There's an oak-leaf, red as rose,
Twirling on his pointed nose;
Heels o'er head and head o'er heels,
Acacias doing Katherine wheels.

Windmill chestnuts spinning round
Artfully above the ground;
Ash and elm with juggler touch
At handsprings, somersaults and such.

Sprites like painted butterflies
Whirling under autumn skies,
Wise in madrigals and reels,
Heels o'er head and head o'er heels.

I stand by when you perform,
Audience you take by storm;
Leaves so learned in tumblers' lore
Staged upon my garden floor.

The Blackbird Troubadour

Hear the blackbird's travelogue
Fluted in the vernal bog
Succulent with blade and sprout
Newly green and sharply out.

Decorated is his shoulder
With a hero's badge that's older
Than the Templar's blazoned sign,
Back from fabled Palestine.

In his tiny bulk I see
Knighthood's blithe epitome—
Black Prince brave in ebon rig,
Valour on a willow-twig:

How he whistles! How he sings!
Flaunts his bright intrepid wings!
Boasts how ne'er in scrap or fight
Showed he feather streakèd white!

Swart and swagger pigmy-male
Pouring forth Othello's tale
For a lady's downy ear
Perking in the osier near.

Desdemona, dun and shy,
Quivering with ecstasy,
Spies a tussock with a moat
(Listening to her lover's note)

Bends a twig and binds a tag,
Interweaving rush and flag
Featly for a reedy nest
Where to ease her burdened breast.

Home's beginning 'mid the pools,
Breast and beak her charmèd tools.
'Tis her answer sweetly mute
To her lyric lover's suit.

And the minstrel understands
Domesticity's commands,
Stops his piping, lends his aid,
Horny shears and feathered spade.

Tugs he here and daubs he there,
Love's blithe enterprise to share,
Proving still by errant wing
To the willow-top to sing

Though enslaved he is at core
Builder less than troubadour,
Husband less than rover free—
Captive of Felicity.

Hear him ever and anon
Spill Adventure's carillon,
Making bell-cotes of the trees
For Romance's rhapsodies!

The Book-binder

(At the Archives, Ottawa)

The Binder of Books is paring his leather,
Thin as a leaf and soft as a feather,
Tooling his patterns with love in his eyes
And art in his fingertips certain and wise.

Law-calf's beside him and marbleing dyes,
Morocco, blood-red, or as blue as the skies,
Or green as the shamrock, or brown as a wood,
And the Binder perceives that his labour is good.

He draws his grotesques and his lilies and scrolls
And portions the bounds for his filleting-rolls;
He cuts and he fits and he pastes and he presses
And one-half his touches are really caresses.

An hour to him is a moment aflame
As he plies his bright sponge to illumine the fame
Of the Past for the Future, unmindful of praise
In the pride of his craft and the joy of his days.

The pallet confesses him master and lord,
The gilding-roll glides where his purpose is scored,
The motifs obey him—the jewels and studs
He sets in their tracings of tendrils and buds.

Nor whistles nor sings he, but glances betimes
At the stream through the window or marks when the chimes
In the tower adjacent are telling the air
That binding the Past is a futile affair.

He conquers with covers of beauty that seal
All Yesterday's lore for the Coming day's weal;
He conquers Old Time with its bells and its river—
This serious craftsman, this beautiful giver!

So this book on ferns has the hues of a glade
With a frail frond impressed and the Binder has made
On this a church-window in night colours shine,
Its theme being holy, with feeling divine!

And this book on tartans is gorgeously plaid
With silk in the facing æsthetic and glad.
Oh, here is a Binder of rank and of worth,
A craftsman of character—salt of the Earth!

Jean Blewett

Well-known and popular as a writer. Born November 4, 1862, at Scotia, Lake Erie, Ontario. Her parents were both natives of Argyllshire, John and Janet (McIntyre) McKishnie. Educated locally and at the St. Thomas Collegiate. When quite young, married Mr. Bassett Blewett, of Cornwall, England, and her earliest attempt at writing verse was a lullaby to her first baby. Popular recognition came in 1897 with the publication of *Heart Songs,* a collection of her poems. The $600 prize offered by the Times-Herald of Chicago for the best poem on 'Spring' was won by Mrs. Blewett. Her third and best book of verse, *Jean Blewett's Poems,* was published in 1922. Shortly after, failing health caused her resignation as a member of the *Globe* staff, a position she had long held.

Her Lesson

Someone had told her that a sea-nymph dwelt
Within a murmuring shell, she called her own,
And she did love to hold it to her ear,
And always she could catch the meaning of its song.

When she was gay, the nymph she thought
Sang joyously; when she was sad at heart
The murmuring voice seemed full of plaint and tears.

One day, when longings softly stirred her breast,

She took the shell down to the shore and sat
Listening to all the things it had to tell,
Till, by-and-by, so homesick grew the voice
That called back to the waves when they did call,
A pity for its loneliness did make
Her suddenly resolve to set it free.
So with a stone she broke the shell in twain—
'Twas empty as the air.
Who was it told
Her such a fair untruth—a pretty lie?

A mist fell down upon the wooded hills,
And crept from thence out over all the sea;
Her soft eyes caught it in their depth and held
It prisoner, till presently it grew
Too strong and subtle for the wide, white lids
Which made but timid trembling sentinels,
And let it slip to liberty, unchallenged.
The light unfeeling waves about her feet
Laughed at her grieving over such a thing—
Laughed, calling to her as they rushed and ran,
'O pretty little one!

That one bright day
Didst think thyself so wise—didst count thyself
So rich? O foolish, foolish child, to weep
And break thy little heart o'er something that
Is not—has never been, save in thy thought!'

The Native Born

There's a thing we love to think of when the summer
days are long,
And the summer winds are blowing, and the summer sun
is strong,
When the orchards and the meadows throw their fra-
grance on the air,
When the grain-fields flaunt their riches, and the glow is
everywhere.
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

There's a thing we love to think of when the frost and ice
and snow
Hold high carnival together, and the biting north winds
blow.
There's a thing we love to think of through the bitter
winter hours,
For it stirs a warmth within us—'tis this fair young
land of ours.
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Ours with all her youth and promise, ours with all her
strength and might,

Ours with all her mighty waters and her forests deep as night.
Other lands may far outshine her, boast more charms than she can claim,
But this young land is our own land, and we love her very name.
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Let the man born in old England love the dear old land the most,
For what spot a man is born in, of that spot he's fain to boast;
Let the Scot look back toward Scotland with a longing in his eyes,
And the exile from old Erin think her green shores paradise.
Native born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Well we love that sea-girt island, and we strive to understand
All the greatness, all the grandeur, of the glorious Mother Land;
And we cheer her to the skies, cheer her till the echoes start,
For the old land holds our homage, but the new land holds our heart!
Native born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada!
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

Arthur S. Bourinot

This poet and practising lawyer was born in Ottawa, Canada, October, 1893, the son of Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., and Lady Bourinot, née Isabelle Cameron. He matriculated from the Ottawa Collegiate, attended University College, Toronto, and graduated in Arts. His legal training was received at Osgoode Hall. Mr. Bourinot is the author of five books of verse of good quality. The poems selected are from *Pattering Feet*, a book for young children, inspired by his little daughter. After graduation in 1915, Mr. Bourinot was a civil servant for a few months in the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa. He was granted leave of absence to accept a Lieutenant's commission in the 77th Overseas Battalion. He served in the Great War, and rose to the rank of Captain.

Padded Footsteps

Padded footsteps, padded footsteps,
I can hear them in the dark
Treading softly
Padding quietly
Can't you hear them?
Listen! Hark!
On the stair-case, then the landing,
Surely, slowly, coming near,
Can't you hear them? Now they're standing
What to hear?

Padded footsteps, padded footsteps,
I can hear them drawing near,
Coming closer
From the distance
I can feel them
In my fear,
Treading on the rustling matting
Coming nearer to my room
'Till my heart goes pittie patting
In the gloom.

Padded footsteps, padded footsteps,
I can hear them pass my door
Fading softly
In the distance,
So I fear them
Now no more.
And no longer I'm faint-hearted
For I feel they've gone for good:
Padding softly they've departed
To the wood.

To-day there came a Pedlar

To-day there came a pedlar
From lands across the sea,
A gypsy's were his garments
And earrings gold wore he.

O white with dust were powdered
His coat and corduroys
And quickly round him gathered
The little girls and boys.

He carried a huge satchel
Strapped firmly on his back,
And bright the small eyes glittered
As he unloosed his pack.

He spread them out before us,
They covered all the lawn,
The gorgeous silks and tapestries
Like peacock's feathers shone.

And when our parents bought some
He packed the bright array,
Shouldered the dusty satchel
And jaunted on his way.

To-day there came a pedlar
A-whistling up the lane;
I wonder where he came from
And will he come again?

An Indian Arrow Head

I found an Indian arrow head
Upon the river shore
And Daddy says it fell there
Two centuries before.

It's roughly chipped and made of flint
That's very hard and dark
And if with steel you strike it
It makes a little spark.

I found it on a sandy beach
The Richelieu beside;
The Richelieu's a river
Where Indians whooped and died.

For in the very early days
The French and Indians fought
And paddling down the river
Great, new adventures sought.

And all along the river's bank
Where busbied rushes grow
I've found the strangest treasures
Lost centuries ago.

A leaden bullet, pottery,
An old, old cross, glass beads,
And last my Indian arrow head
That tells of olden deeds.

The Pine Tree Swing

There's a wonderful swing
On an old Pine tree
Made of rope and wood
Where merrily
Up and then down on the seat I ride
A warrior roaming the country side
On great black steed.

And the beautiful boughs
Of the old Pine tree
Sway up and down
Like a rolling sea
As I pull the ropes and swing my feet
And course the air on my charger fleet,
A gallant knight.

On the wonderful swing
In the old Pine tree
I travel oft
And distantly

And ride with a lance couched in my hand,
Crusader bound for the Holy Land
Like Richard bold.

On this wonderful swing
In the old Pine tree
I journey far
Over land and sea,
For yesterday I galloped to Greece,
To-morrow I'll search for the Golden Fleece,
An Argonaut.

But the wonderful swing
In the old Pine tree
However far
And distantly
I may have travelled to unknown climes
Never forgets when it's my meal times
And swings me home.

Louise Morey Bowman

Mrs. Archibald Abercromby Bowman of Westmount, P.Q. Born in Sherbrooke, P.Q. Both parents were of New England Puritan stock. Her father, Samuel Foote Morey, was a banker. Educated privately, and at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Massachusetts. Her specialties were Literature and Music (violin). It was 1922 before Mrs. Bowman's first book of poems was published—*Moonlight and Common Day*—but before that her verse had appeared in several well-known magazines. Her second book, *Dream Tapestries,* was issued in 1924, and in the same year the author was awarded by the Quebec Government, a literary competitive prize of $250. Louise Morey Bowman has specialized particularly in 'free verse'. of which the quality is such that it

was publicly praised by the late Amy Lowell. She also writes good short stories.

Bell Carol

A little Child in manger lay
Amidst the woven meadow hay,
And while his mother softly sang
The silver bells of Heaven rang.

A little Child in manger slept,
The shepherds and the wise men crept
To lay their gifts before His feet
Who was so silent, small, and sweet.

O Holy Child—from city marts
We bring for gifts our earth-scarred hearts,
And softly now our carols sing
While silver bells in Heaven ring.

Bird Carol

A small gray bird on Christmas Day
Sang from an icy leafless spray,
An Angel gave him words to say—
How little Christ in manger lay.

A small gray bird on Christmas Day
Sang from an icy leafless spray,
An Angel turned his feathers gray
To colour of the rosy May.

That rosy bird on Christmas Day
Sang carol till the twilight gray,
Then up to Heaven he flew away
And found Lord Christ on Christmas Day.

The Clover Field

I left the crowded cities,
With their knowledge and their folly,
Anl wandered down the by-ways,
So lonely, wild and free.
But not for me the mountain
With its peak of purple grandeur,
The forest, or the desert,
Or the great unresting sea.
For in a homely valley
The air was sweet with honey,
And there the brown Earth-Mother
Held a clover field for me.

Heigh-ho! Earth's sweet, red clover
And the warmth and kindly healing!
I laid me down and listened
To the bee's deep, drowsy runes,
Till in their rhythmic humming
I caught a lilt and cadence
(Like elfin bell-notes pealing)
Of forgotten cradle tunes.

O not for me the mountain
With its peak of purple grandeur.
And not for me the desert,
Nor the great unresting sea!
For in a homely valley
With the wise old bees a-humming,
The healing, brown Earth-Mother
Held a clover field for me.

Frank Oliver Call

A poet who uses words with a thorough knowledge of their artistic values. He is Professor of Modern Languages and Librarian in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q. Born at West Brome, P.Q., April 11, 1878, of English and Scottish ancestry. Educated at Stanstead College and at Bishop's College, and later in post-graduate work at McGill, Marburg, and Paris. Lectures chiefly in English and Comparative Literature, and does not overlook the Canadian product. As an author he won with his third book of poems, *Blue Homespun,* in 1925, in the Quebec Government's Literary Competition, a prize of $100. Besides verse, Dr. Call has published in prose, short stories and *The Spell of French Canada* and *The Spell of Acadia. Blue Homespun* is a book of excellent sonnets, depicting French Canadian life and character, and is attractively illustrated.

À *La Claire Fontaine*

This is the most popular French Canadian folksong, with a translation by Frank Oliver Call. Dr. Call says: "For lyric beauty few folk-songs surpass *À la Claire Fontaine.* I have endeavoured to portray the spirit rather than the letter of the verse."

À la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
  Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,
  Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
  Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur a rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer:
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui y a longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés.

Variante:

Et que le rosier même
Fût à la mer jeté.
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Unto a Fountain Clear

Unto a fountain clear
I went one summer day,
So cool I found the water
I plunged into its spray,
A long time have I loved you,
And I will love alway.

So cool I found the water
I plunged into its spray;
And underneath an oak tree
In the cool freshness lay.
A long time, etc.

And underneath an oak tree
In the cool freshness lay;
Among the highest branches
A bird sang blithe and gay.
A long time, etc.

Among the highest branches
A bird sang blithe and gay;
Sing nightingale, sing ever,
Sing loud your merry lay.
A long time, etc.

Sing nightingale, sing ever,
Sing loud your merry lay;
Your heart is free from sorrow,
But mine is sad to-day.
A long time, etc.

Your heart is free from sorrow,
But mine is sad to-day;
My sweetheart she has left me
And all the world is gray.
A long time, etc.

My sweetheart she has left me
And all the world is gray;
She asked a bunch of roses
And I did say her nay.
A long time, etc.

She asked a bunch of roses
And I did say her nay;
I wish the cruel roses
In the dark ocean lay.
A long time, etc.

I wish the cruel roses
In the dark ocean lay,
That I and my dear sweetheart
Might live in love for aye.
A long time, etc.

Hidden Treasure

O sun-browned boy with the wondering eyes,
Do you see the blue of the summer skies?
Do you hear the song of the drowsy stream,
As it winds by the shore where the birches gleam?

Then come, come away
From the shadowy bay,
And we'll drift with the stream where the rapids play;
For we are two pirates, fierce and bold,
And we'll capture the hoard of the morning's gold.

A roving craft is our red canoe,
O pirate chief with the eyes of blue;
So hoist your flag with the skull on high,
And out we'll sail where the treasures lie.
For in days of old.
Came pirates bold,
With a Spanish galleon's captured gold;
And their boat was wrecked on the river strand,
And its treasures strewn on the silver sand.

Now steady all as we dash along,
The rapids are swift but our paddles are strong;
And soon we'll drift with the water's flow
Where the treasure lies hid in the shallows below.
O, cool and dim,
'Neath its foam-flecked brim,
Is the pool where the swallows dip and skim;

So we'll plunge by the prow of our red canoe
For the treasure that lies in the quivering blue.

Now home once more to the shadowy bay,
For we've captured the gold of the summer's day,
And emeralds green from the banks along,
And silver bars from the white-throat's song.
No pirates bore
Such a glittering store
From the treasure ships of the days of yore,
As the spoils we have won on the shining stream,
While we drifted along in a golden dream.

Bliss Carman

The eminent Canadian lyricist, a genius of splendid mentality and mastery of words. He has left us a heritage of hundreds of fine lyrics, through which his spirit and personality will continue to shine radiantly. He was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, April 15, 1861. His father, William Carman, was a well-known barrister, and his mother, Sophia Bliss, an elder sister of the mother of Roberts (q.v.). Educated privately before entering the Collegiate School. Matriculated in 1878 with the School medal for Greek and Latin. Attended the University of New Brunswick (B.A. and Gold Medalist, 1881; M.A. 1884; LL.D., honorary, 1906). It is believed that the warm acclaim of his native land in recent years, sweetened and prolonged his life. Died June 7, 1929.

The Ships of Yule

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port to call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand.
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

Trees

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod,—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendour before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

The Choristers

When earth was finished and fashioned well,
There was never a musical note to tell
How glad God was, save the voice of the rain
And the sea and the wind on the lonely plain
And the rivers among the hills.
And so God made the marvellous birds
For a choir of joy transcending words,
That the world might hear and comprehend
How rhythm and harmony can mend
The spirits' hurts and ills.

He filled their tiny bodies with fire,
He taught them love for their chief desire,
And gave them the magic of wings to be
His celebrants over land and sea,
Wherever man might dwell.
And to each he apportioned a fragment of song—
Those broken melodies that belong
To the seraphs' chorus, that we might learn
The healing of gladness and discern
In beauty how all is well.

So music dwells in the glorious throats
Forever, and the enchanted notes
Fall with rapture upon our ears,
Moving our hearts to joy and tears
For things we cannot say.
In the wilds the whitethroat sings in the rain
His pure, serene, half-wistful strain;
And when twilight falls the sleeping hills
Ring with the cry of the whippoorwills
In the blue dusk far away.

In the great white heart of the winter storm
The chickadee sings, for his heart is warm,
And his note is brave to rally the soul
From doubt and panic to self-control
And elation that knows no fear.
The bluebird comes with the winds of March,
Like a shred of sky on the naked larch;
The redwing follows the April rain
To whistle contentment back again
With his sturdy call of cheer.

The orioles revel through orchard boughs
In their coats of gold for spring's carouse;
In shadowy pastures the bobwhites call,
And the flute of the thrush has a melting fall
Under the evening star.
On the verge of June when peonies blow
And joy comes back to the world we know,
The bobolinks fill the fields of light
With a tangle of music silver-bright
To tell how glad they are.

The tiny warblers fill summer trees
With their exquisite lesser litanies;
The tanager in his scarlet coat
In the hemlock pours from a vibrant throat

His canticle of the sun.
The loon on the lake, the hawk in the sky,
And the sea-gull—each has a piercing cry,
Like outposts set in the lonely vast
To cry "all's well" as Time goes past
And another hour is gone.

But of all the music in God's plan
Of a mystical symphony for man,
I shall remember best of all —
Whatever hereafter may befall
Or pass and cease to be—
The hermit's hymn in the solitudes
Of twilight through the mountain woods,
And the field-larks crying about our doors
On the soft sweet wind across the moors
At morning by the sea.

George Herbert Clarke

George Herbert Clarke, M.A., LL. D., is Head of the English Department of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. He was born at Gravesend, Kent County, England, August 27, 1873, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Mitchell Clarke, of London, England. In his 8th year the family came to Canada, and he was educated in the Toronto schools, Woodstock College, McMaster University and the University of Chicago. After graduating with the degrees of B.A. and M.A., he was engaged in editorial work in Chicago for four years (1897-1901); and since then has occupied Chairs in several Universities as Professor of English, or of English Literature. As editor and author Dr. Clarke has published a number of volumes including two books of his own verse. The following heart-reaching and beautiful poems are taken from *The Hasting Day* (1930).

God's Eyes

Marie: Father, what colour are God's eyes ?
Father: Guess, sweetheart! You shall have three tries.
Marie: Then are they blue?

Father: Yes, bluer far
Than where the highest heavens are.

Marie: I cannot think of eyes so blue.

Father: God's eyes are brown.

Marie: Father, but you
Told me just now my guess was true.

Father: Still, sweetheart, not the earthy loam
Is brown as are His eyes, the home
Of russet, sepia, and chrome.

Marie: Father, I do not understand.

Father: God's eyes are golden, dear; when land
And sea are bathed in sunset glow,
And holiness seems brooding low,
The eyes of God are there also;
And when the first faint violet hue
Steals tremblingly the petals through
Till its full life is pulsing new,
The flower lifts those eyes to you.
When in the woods the drooping day
Watches the whirling leaves at play,
Then well we know God's eyes are grey;
And, sweetheart, when each quiet night,
You fold your hands so sure and tight,
And, with your fresh young soul alight,
Tell to the Father every mite,
Those all-seeing eyes are purest white.

Marie: Is it all true as true can be?

Father: I would not tease you, small Marie!
Nay, you must watch and see, dear maid,
When next the bow in heaven is laid,
God's eyes change slow from shade to shade.

A Small Boy Prays

Jesus, I wish you'd come and be my brother:
Your mother has the same name as my mother;
I've a gold bugle and a big wheelbarrow,
And I would lend you my new bow and arrow
(The arrow at the end has a red feather)—
Oh, we'd have grand times, me an' you together!

My mother says your mother wasn't able
To reach an inn one time, but found a stable,
Where Joseph made her bed in the cows' manger,
And oxen stood outside to guard from danger;
And when the angels in her lap were laying
God's little Lamb, the other lambs came straying
And knelt down near it, in lamb language praying.

That Lamb was *you*! And then there were some shepherds,
And Wise Men riding along on lions or leopards,
Or camels, maybe. They called you Christ and Jesus
(Jim is my name), and mother says it frees us
From harm to love you; but I think I love you
Because your bird flies always just above you
(I caught a thrush once, but it died from pining),
And something round your forehead keeps on shining.

You're living, mother says, in Heaven this minute;
Come down, and you can have my top and spin it!
She says that you can understand me, hear me,
And that the Christ-Child somehow can be near me;
Look, then, I'll ask her, and you ask your mother,
To let you stay a while and be my brother;
I like you fine; we'll climb a tree together,
And play ball after school (mine's reg'lar leather),
And sit beside each other at the table,
And you can tell me all about that stable.

You'd love my mother: she's little, like a fairy;
She'll sing, and tell us tales, my mother Mary;
She knows what boys like—six and going on seven;
She says *your* mother Mary's Queen of Heaven.
Queens' sons in books are princes, and important,
But hurry an' come quick, even if you oughtn't;
And when it's good-bye time, we'll trade each other
Marbles and stamps, and I'll have had a brother!

Over Salève

(*Geneva*)

Over Salève I heard a skylark singing
Blessèd be Beauty, Beauty! He soared and swirled,
In very ecstasy of flight outflinging
His breathless music on a broken world.
Joy, the sole faith of that so tiny flyer
Twining unnumbered notes in psalms of praise,
Lifted him up on high and ever higher
Till the blue heaven hid him from my gaze.
Still he adored, flooding the sky and mountain
With delicate waves of sound more silver-sweet
Than the pure flowing of a pebbled fountain
To desert-farers fainting in the heat.
Beggar am I for Beauty's least caress;
The little lark knows all her loveliness.

H. A. Cody

The Venerable Hiram Alfred Cody, M.A., Archdeacon of Saint John, New Brunswick. Born at Cody's, Queens County, N.B., July 3, 1872, son of George Redmond and Loretta Augusta Cody. Educated at Saint John Grammar School, and at King's College, Windsor, N.S. From the latter he graduated Master of Arts. He was Rector of Greenwich, N.B. for seven years, and

then for a like period, served as Travelling Missionary and as Rector in the Yukon District. Since 1910 he has had his present charge. In 1905, he married Miss Jessie Flewelling of Oak Point, N.B., and has four sons. Mr. Cody is better known for his novels than for his poetry, but he writes the kind of verse that many like. 'Glasier's Men', and 'The Port of Saint John' are two of his best poems. They are excellent.

Glasier's Men

Don't you hear them coming, tramping down the glen?
Husky, lusty giants, shades of Glasier's men?
Can't you hear them shouting, can't you hear them sing,
Marching on to Squattock in the early spring?

Leaders through the dappled dawn,
Wardens of the night,
Mighty all in girth and brawn,
Devils in a fight.

Don't you see the 'Main John' striding in the lead?
Clear-eyed, strong and fearless, kith of Bluenose breed;
First to bring a timber drive through the wild Grand Falls;
First to sight the Squattock Lakes where the lone moose calls.

Haunter of the silent ways,
Spirit of the glen,
Dauntless as in olden days,
Glasier leads his men.

Glasier's men are driving, don't you hear their call?
Ghostly shadows gliding through the forests tall;
Inland stream and valley, sweeping plain and hill,
Feel again the spirit of the old-time thrill.

Shogomoc is running wild,
Tobique's white with foam,
Once again the mighty drives
Are sluicing grandly home.

Glasier's men are calling—calling strong to-day—
From the forest-reaches where they led the way,
Stirring souls to action, lifting visions bright,
Thrilling hearts to daring, nerving arms to might.

Down the slopes of yesterday,
Through the throbbing years,
Comes the message ringing clear
Of Glasier's pioneers.

Note: John Glasier was the pioneer lumberman on the Saint John River, and at one time employed over six hundred men. To distinguish him from his brothers, he was known far and wide as 'Main John Glasier'. He began his lumbering operations on the Shogomoc. H. A. C.

The Port of St. John

Where is the Port of grey St. John?
The sea clans knew it well;
They winged up by my Island light,
They steered by buoy and bell,
And of the welcome that I gave,
They had one tale to tell.

I bred a hardy seaman race upon my rugged steeps,
Who sailed my fastest clipper-hounds and sounded all the deeps;
My ships were known in every port, manned by my Bluenose breed,
Stern, fearless, driving skipper-men, hard both in will and deed.

The finest wooden sailing-ships were built upon my shore,
The roaring 'Marco Polo' and the bounding 'Beejapore';
The 'Flying Cloud', the 'Guiding Star', and other far-famed ships,
Designed and built by St. John men, went smoking from their slips.

The tide flows out, the tide flows in, it never can be still,
It follows where the strong sea calls, the sea that works its will,
And ships come up, and ships go down, their black smoke trailing far,
Great rovers of the ocean ways where ports of heroes are.
But sure as homing swallows wing in from the open main,
The ships from all the Seven Seas come sweeping back again.
They know my port is open wide, my headlights always clear,
No ice to stab, no rocks to scar, no tempest blast to fear.

Where is the Port of grey St. John?
The sea clans know it well,
They point up by my Island light,
They steer by buoy and bell,
And of the welcome that I give,
They have one tale to tell.

Isabella Valancy Crawford

A great woman poet who began life in Dublin, Ireland, in 1850, as a Christmas baby. Her father was Stephen Dennis Crawford, M.D. While in her 8th year, the family—parents, two girls and a boy—took passage for Upper Canada, and settled at Paisley, Bruce County. They lived there for several years,

and then moved to Lakefield, Peterborough County. A few years later they moved to the town of Peterborough. The future poet had ample opportunity to get firsthand knowledge of pioneer life, and her observations and experiences are portrayed in splendid verse. Her cultured parents were her teachers and literary guides. Miss Crawford and her mother lived in Toronto for a decade, prior to her sudden passing, February 12, 1887. Her *Collected Poems* was published in 1905.

"Love Me, Love my Dog"

He had a falcon on his wrist,
  A hound beside his knee,
A jewelled rapier at his thigh;
  Quoth he: "Which may she be?
My chieftain cried: 'Bear forth, my page,
  This ring to Lady Clare;
Thou'lt know her by her sunny eyes
  And golden lengths of hair.'
But here are lovely damsels three,
  In glittering coif and veil,
And all have sunny locks and eyes,—
  To which unfold the tale?"

Out spake the first: "O pretty page,
  Thou hast a wealthy lord;
I love to see the jewels rare
  Which deck thy slender sword!"
She smiled, she waved her yellow locks,
  Rich damask glowed her cheek;
He bent his supple knee and thought:
  "Not this the maid I seek."

The second had a cheek of rose,
  A throat as white as milk,
A jewelled tire upon her brow,
  A robe and veil of silk.

"O pretty page, hold back the hound;
Uncouth is he and bold;
His rough caress will tear my veil,
My fringe of glittering gold!"
She frowned, she pouted ruby lips—
The page he did not speak;
He bent his curly head and thought:
"Not this the maid I seek."

The third, with cobweb locks of light
And cheeks like summer dawn,
Dropped on her knee beside the hound
Upon the shaven lawn.
She kissed his sinewy throat, she stroked
His bristly rings of hair;
"Ho!" thought the page, "she loves his hound,
So this is Lady Clare!"

The Blue Forget-me-not

Could every blossom find a voice
And sing a strain to me,
I know where I would place my choice,
Which my delight should be.
I would not choose the lily tall,
The rose from musky grot,
But I would still my minstrel call
The blue Forget-me-not.

And I on mossy bank would lie,
Of brooklet, rippling clear;
And she of the sweet azure eye,
Close at my listening ear,
Should sing into my soul a strain,
Might never be forgot—
So rich with joy, so rich with pain,
The blue Forget-me-not.

Ah, every blossom hath a tale,
With silent grace to tell,
From rose that reddens to the gale
To modest heather-bell;
But O the flower in every heart
That finds a sacred spot
To bloom, with azure leaves apart,
Is the Forget-me-not.

Love plucks it from the mosses green
When parting hours are nigh,
And places it Love's palms between
With many an ardent sigh;
And bluely up from grassy graves
In some loved churchyard spot,
It glances tenderly and waves —
The dear Forget-me-not.

The Christmas Baby

How did the new baby get into the house?
There isn't a cranny for cricket or mouse
To squeeze thro', I'm certain; yet when my eyes
Got open this morning, O what a surprise!
There lay the new baby in long, snowy clothes;
And oh, such a lot of dear little pink toes.
I count them all over every time when
Nurse says I may—he has deal more than ten!
I'll give him my top and my pretty new sleigh,—
And Aunt, do you think I've a long time to wait
Before the new baby can learn how to skate?
Will a week be enough? Auntie, I say,
Do you think he'll be able against New Year's Day?
How did he get there? Do you think he will stay?
I wish he would keep his eyes wider, because
He could see the things brought me by good Santa Claus.

Santa Claus rose when the stars were clear,
And brought from their stalls his two reindeer;
And round the edge of his quaint old sledge
All manner of toys that were quaint and queer,
And delicate, dainty, marvellous things,
He nailed with tacks and he tied with strings.

He tied the dolls' hoods under their chins,
And fastened their cloaks with buttons and pins:
"Keep warm, my dears, if you can, because
We've a long way to go over ice and snow,"
Said, cheerfully laughing, old Santa Claus.

The wax doll nodded her dainty head;
The wooden one laughed till her cheeks were red;
The little drums rattled, tin trumpets blew,
As the reindeer off thro' the starlight flew;
And the beasts in the ark set up such a roar
As never was heard in the world before;
The grey felt donkey sent out such a bray
That it lasted, I've heard, all Christmas day;
The flannel elephant waved his paws,
And the wooden soldiers, snugly hid
In the long white box, poked up the lid
And shouted, "Hooray for Christmas day,
And a sleigh-ride with jolly old Santa Claus!"

Do you think that Santa Claus meant to go
With his reindeer over the crisp, white snow?
Not he, indeed; for greater speed
He drew up his sledge on the whistling edge
Of a merry young wind that was taking a stroll
From his home on the top of the far North Pole,
Close to the lair of the great white bear,
Who wears white stockings over his toes,
And a greatcoat up to his pointed nose.

O 'twas a merry and wonderful sight,
The drive that Santa Claus took that night!
How the maples swayed, and the pine trees bent
And shouted and rocked as the gay wind went
Over their tall tops, away, away,
With Santa Claus, reindeer, and wonderful sleigh.
And the stars stretched out their hands of light,
And touched each other that wonderful night,
Ten times brighter this Christmas time,
And whispered, "Brothers and sisters, shine
Nor suffer a cloud on our brows to pause,
To darken the path of good Santa Claus."

Speed on, speed on! Hullo! Hullo!
There never was such a mad wind to blow.
While Santa Claus slipped down chimneys wide,
Wind, sledge and reindeer waited outside;
And the wind laughed out with so loud a shout,
That up from the pillows of warm, small beds
Half rose many thousands of bright curly heads.
Round eyes went a-winking, half awake, half asleep,
And some of the bolder from blankets would creep;
And against every rule, all orders and laws,
('Twas really shocking!) would peep in the stocking
Hung up by the chimney for good Santa Claus.

Speed on, speed on, over forest and street!
The bold wind was nimble, the reindeer were fleet;
The sledge was near empty and daylight was nigh,
When a-sailing, a sailing across the pink sky,
Dropping down thro' the bars of the vanishing stars,
A white stork came wearily flying the way
Old Santa Claus journeyed with reindeer and sleigh.
Said the jolly old Santa Claus: "Dear Mistress Stork,
What brings you abroad must be wonderful work;
And hullo! let me see—of all marvellous things,
What's that snuggled close in the down of your wings?
And what is that cuddled, dear Stork, on your breast,
Close, close as a birdling deep hid in its nest—
A doll, or a blossom-bud? Dear neighbour Stork, pause,
And show me your treasures!" cried good Santa Claus.

Said the Stork, "Dear friend, I just have come
  From that land close to Heaven,
Where babies are brought by angels down
  And to the wise Storks given,
That on their wings so warm and white
They may carry them down thro' the stars so bright,

And lay them in the cradles set,
By many a glowing hearth,
In palace tall or cottage small,
Upon the merry earth.
And I am tired, and well I may be,
Three little baby buds—Santa Claus, see!"

She ruffled her feathers, warm and deep,
To let the good saint see
How cosily and rosily,
Like stars in snowy clouds asleep,
There lay the babies three!
Pink smiles upon their dimpled lips,
Like lily buds their hands;
Their heads still shining from the touch
Of snowy angel bands.
"The dear, dimpled babies!" said good Santa Claus,
And took one of them up in his fur-mittened hands.
"Let me help you to finish your Christmastide work,
Your wings must be tired, my dear Mistress Stork.
There's yet one wide chimney I have to slip down
Before I can turn my sledge from the town.
I'll carry the dear little baby down, too,
And take some of the trouble, good neighbour, from you;
And I'll wrap it close in my long beard, because
It's a very cold morning," said good Santa Claus.

The wise Stork said, "Thanks, I've a long way to fly;
Take care of the baby, dear Santa; good-bye!"
Away went the Stork, her legs flying like strings,
And the two other babies asleep on her wings.

So it happened, my dear, in this wonderful way,
Santa Claus brought the baby on bright Christmas day.
And when you roused up, in your stocking to peep,
Lo! there in his crib lay the baby asleep.
And you'll love the old Santa, I'm certain, because
He brought the new baby—the good Santa Claus!

James B. Dollard

This writer of the charming verse in *Irish Lyrics and Ballads* (1917) is Parish Priest of The Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. He was born in Ireland, August 30, 1872, at Mooncoin, county of Kilkenny, the youngest son of Michael and Anastasia (Quinn) Dollard. When eighteen years of age, he sailed for New Brunswick, where he had a brother a Parish Priest and an uncle a Vicar-General. Another of his relatives was Archbishop Walsh of Toronto. Educated at Kilkenny College, Ireland, and at the Grand Seminary of Montreal. Laval University granted him the degrees, Bachelor of Theology and Bachelor of Canon Law; and in 1916, the honorary degree of Litt.D. Dr. Dollard was ordained in December, 1896.

The Silver Anvils

There was a rath I used to love, in Ireland long ago,
An ancient dun in which they dwelt—the Fairy Folk, you know.
All belted round with hawthorn was this Rath of Closharink,
And one could hear, when straying near, their silver anvils clink!

O, clink, clank, clink—hear the fairy hammers go;
Clink, clank, clink, in their caves of gold below!
What were they a-forging in the dun of Closharink
Upon their silver anvils tapping—clink, clank, clink?

When all the thorn was blossomed white, and yellow was the furze,
You'd hear them in the noonday hush when ne'er a linnet stirs;
You'd hear them in the evening when the sun began to sink,
And purple glory flushed the hills that smiled on Closharink.

O, clink, clank, clink, hear the fairy hammers sound—
Clink, clank, clink, in their forges underground;
What were they a-patterning, the Sidhe of Closharink,
With all their silver anvils sounding—clink, clank, clink?

What were they a-fashioning—a crown for great Queen Mave;
A helmet for Cuchulain, or a shield for Lugh the Brave;—
A scabbard for the Sword of Light that flames on danger's brink,
A jeweled torque for Angus who is King of Closharink?

Clink, clank, clink, like a harp note, sweet and low,
Clink, clank, clink, and a big moon climbing slow!
Though youth is far from me to-night, and far is Closharink,
My senses thrill to hear it still, that clink, clank, clink!

The Fairy Piper

One evening as I wandered by the Rath of Ross-na-Ree
I met a fairy piper and he quaintly winked at me;
Said he, 'You love our people and you sing their praise so fine
That just by way of a reward you'll listen now to mine.'
His coat was red, and amber-barred, his pantaloons were blue,
His eyes were black as ripened sloes, and they were dancing too,
His pipes were gold and ivory, his chanter jewelled strange,
And when the first wee note he struck, the world began to change!

For all the birds in Ossory they gathered round us there,
And every songster joined with him in chorus sweet and rare,
Till my poor heart revived anew and lost its burden sad,
And once again came rapture true, like when I was a lad.

A rose-red flush lit up the skies and tinged the dappled green,
And seated on a sapphire throne I saw the Fairy Queen;
And all the Red Branch heroes clad in armour dazzling bright
Lined up around the fairy mound; it was a splendid sight!

Then suddenly an elfin door oped wide in Ross-na-Ree,
A spell of gladness held the earth, and swayed each flow'r and tree,
And out there trooped the Fairy Folk, ten thousand strong if one,
All dancing in the sunshine, round about their haunted dun!

The hour flew by like moments, and the daylight faded soon,
Yet still went on that wondrous dance beneath a mystic moon;
My eyes grew dim with happiness, but when I gazed once more,
The vision all had vanished and the fairy spell was o'er!

Yet often since, in gladsome dream, I hear that piper play,
And feel again the rapture of that blissful summer day,
And often, too, I wander by the Rath of Ross-na-Ree,
Though now I know its magic door will ope no more to me!

Meelin Mountain

On the slopes of Meelin Mountain 'tis as lonesome as can be,
Up among the whins and heather where our little cottage stands
And all night I hear the wailing
Of the homeless curlews sailing
And the ever-haunting rhythm of the marching Fairy bands.

They are marching down from Meelin to the darkling vales below,
Like an army off to battle—massed in squadron and platoon—
I can see their lances gleaming
And their rustling banners streaming,
While ten thousand silvern helmets shame the lustre of the moon.

They are passing down from Meelin to the Rath of Glen-na-shee
Down the lonely mountain roadway by the Ridge of Moonamoe;
And their Harpers all are playing
Fairy tunes that set you swaying,
Fairy strains that thrill the spirit with the spells of long ago!

Who is brave enough to follow where the solemn night-winds call?
Who will join them down from Meelin in the moon-beams falling white?
All his earthly woes shall leave him,
Human sorrows never grieve him,
And the Fairy Harps shall lull him evermore with strange delight!

They are marching down from Meelin, stepping fast before the dawn,
Fainter grows the Fairy Music, dying plaintive on the blast,
And I ponder by the embers
While my tristful soul remembers
All the magic of lost visions—all the dreams of youth long-passed!

W. H. Drummond

'The Poet of the Habitant' was born at Mohill, County Leitrim, Ireland, April 13, 1854. While still a boy, the family sailed for Canada. His father died shortly after, leaving little for support of wife and children. William Henry left school and learned telegraphy. Later he attended McGill University, and Bishop's College, Lennoxville, where he graduated in medicine. *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems* was printed in 1898. Its popularity was exceptional. Three other volumes followed. The University of Toronto conferred on the author the honorary degree of LL.D., and he was elected a Fellow of The Royal Society of Literature, England. After Drummond's lamented death, April 6, 1907, an attractive complete edition of his poems in one volume was published.

Little Bateese

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay —
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so —
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Batesse! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

Madeleine Verchères

I've told you many a tale, my child, of the old heroic days
Of Indian wars and massacres, of villages ablaze
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the Mission of Trois Rivieres
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine Verchères.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the woodman rang,
Again in the waving meadow, the sun-browned farmers met
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisherman spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the days of October came
When children wrought with their parents, and even the old and lame

With tottering frames and footsteps, their feeble labours lent
At the gathering of the harvest, le bon Dieu himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the forts on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the flag of King Louis flew,
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie of Verchères,
Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the Seigneur sailing away,
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down at Quebec they lay,
But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless the workmen grew
For the months they seemed a hundred, since the last war-bugle blew.
Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the farmers of Verchères,
That the wolves of the southern forest had scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers they watch their prey.
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang as they toiled away,

Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the tomahawk leaped out
And the banks of the green St. Lawrence echoed the savage shout.

'O mother of Christ have pity,' shrieked the women in despair.
'This is no time for praying,' cried the young Madeleine Verchères,
'Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick to your arms and guns,
Fight for your God and country and the lives of the innocent ones.'

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when beagles press close behind
And the feet that would follow after, must be swift as the prairie wind.
Alas! for the men and women, and little ones that day
For the road it was long and weary, and the fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and the palisades drew near,
And soon from the inner gateway the war-bugle rang out clear;
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note of despair,
'Twas a soldier of France's challenge, from the young Madeleine Verchères.

'And this is my little garrison, my brothers Louis and Paul?
With soldiers two—and a cripple? may the Virgin pray for us all.
But we've powder and guns in plenty, and we'll fight to the latest breath
And if need be for God and country, die a brave soldier's death.

Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever you sight
the foe
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes down
below.
Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the fight may be
fierce and long
And they'll think our little garrison is more than a
hundred strong.'

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused the
Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent it like a
flood
Through every heart around her, and they fought the red
Iroquois
As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers of
Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a tempest
swept the sky
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the forest
tiger's cry,
But still the garrison fought on, while the lightning's
jagged spear
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and showed
them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the colour of
blood was he,
Gazing down from the heavens on the little company.
'Behold! my friends!' cried the maiden, "tis a warning
lest we forget,
Though the night saw us do our duty, our work is not
finished yet.'

And six days followed each other, and feeble her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the flash of the carabines' flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo! from the forest black,
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came pealing back.
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on the morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought the red Iroquois
And held their own in the battle, for six long weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and marvelled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and steadily they advance,
And, with carabines uplifted, the veterans of France
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly standing there
And they fired a volley in honour of Madeleine Verchères.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden Madeleine,
God grant that we in Canada may never see again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in dream,
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in the days of the old régime.

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

Arthur W. H. Eaton, M.A., D.C.L., was born at Kentville, Nova Scotia, the eldest son of William Eaton, at one time a county Inspector of Schools. Both parents were of Puritan stock. He was educated at Dalhousie College, Halifax, and at Harvard University and graduated in Arts at the latter in 1880. He was ordained priest in 1885, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but found his truest vocation as teacher and author. Dr. Eaton is best known as a writer of ballads and as a historian. His first book of verse, *Acadian Legends and Lyrics,* was printed in 1889. In the first decade of this century three other books of verse followed, and in 1930, the fifth and best, *Acadian Ballads and Lyrics in Many Moods.* As a historian, Dr. Eaton has done much for his native province.

The Legend of Glooscap

Baring its breast to the sun as of yore
Lieth the peaceful Acadian shore;
Fertile and fair, in the dew and the rain,
Ripen its fields of golden grain.

Like a sabred sentinel grim and gray
Blomidon stands at the head of the Bay,
And the famous Fundy tides at will
Sweep into Minas Basin still.

From its home in the hills the Gaspereau
Sings as it strays to the sea below,
Wanders on till it wakes in the tide
A muddy river, deep and wide.

Here at the edge of the ancient wood
Is the spot where Basil's smithy stood;
Close to these clustering willows green
Was the home of the sweet Evangeline.

This is the old Acadian shore
Prized by the poet more and more

As he lives in the loves and hopes, and hears
Silvery strains from the silent years.

Long ere the Frenchmen drove away
The cruel tides from the fair Grand Pré,
And bound the dykes like emerald bands
Round the Acadian meadow lands,

The Micmac sailed in his birch canoe
Over the Basin calm and blue,
With salmon spear to the lakeside crept,
Then in his wigwam lay and slept.

Far in the depths of the forest gray
Hunted the moose the livelong day;
While the Micmac mother crooned to her child
Forest folk-songs weird and wild.

Over the tribe with jealous eye
Watched the Great Spirit from on high;
In the purple mists of Blomidon
The god-man Glooscap had his throne.

No matter how far his feet might stray
From the favourite haunts of his tribe away,
The Micmac's cry of faith or fear
Failed not to find his Glooscap's ear.

'Twas he who had made for the Indian's use
Beaver and bear, and sent the moose
Roaming over the wild woodlands;
He who had strewn upon the sands

Of the tide-swept shore of the stormy bay
Amethysts purple, and agates gray;
And into the heart of love had flung
That which keeps love forever young.

Then the Frenchmen came, a thrifty band,
Who felled the forest and sowed the land,
And drove from their haunts by the sunny shore
Micmac and moose forevermore.

And Glooscap the god-man sore distrest,
Hid himself in the unknown West,
And the Micmac kindled his wigwam fire
Far from the grave of his child and his sire,

Where now as he weaves his basket gay,
And paddles his birch canoe away,
He dreams of the happy time for men
When Glooscap shall come to his tribe again.

Ballad of the Gaspereau

Now the rainbow tints of autumn
Deck the ancient hills
And the dreamy river saunters
Past the lazy mills,
Let us seek the murmuring forest
Where the pines and hemlocks grow
And a thousand fringèd shadows
Fall upon the Gaspereau.

When the first Acadian farmers
Sailing up the Bay
Landed with their goods and cattle
On the fair Grand Pré
Wandering through the ancient forest,
Claude, René, and Theriot,
In a vale of wondrous beauty,
Found the River Gaspereau.

Found the simple-hearted Micmac
In his birch canoe
Paddling down his *Magapskegechk*
To the Basin blue,
Little dreaming of the presence
Of the Indian's pale-faced foe,
Singing unmelodious boat songs
On the winding Gaspereau.

Midst the brushwood and the rushes
And the trembling ferns,
Where the river sighing, singing,
Speeds with many turns
Through the gateway of the mountain
Toward the meadow far below,
On they crept in silent wonder
By the sun-kissed Gaspereau.

In these days of dream and legend,
Life all fresh and new,
Even humble Norman peasants
Into poets grew,
From their roaming in the forest
Claude, René, and Theriot
Brought their comrades magic stories
Of the vale of Gaspereau.

Many a summer when the plowing
In the fields was done,
And the busy looms were growing
Silent one by one,
Lovers in the mellow moonlight
From the travelled streets below
Sought the path across the meadow
To the banks of Gaspereau.

When there came some loss or sorrow
To the little band,
When the dykes broke or the crops failed
In the Acadian land,
Many a tired wife and mother
In the silver twilight glow
Sought relief from dark foreboding
By the peaceful Gaspereau.

Vanished are the Acadian peasants,
Sweet Evangeline,
Gabriel, Benedict, and Basil,
And no sadder scene
Ever gave itself to story
Than that scene of wreck and woe
When the Boston ships weighed anchor
At the mouth of Gaspereau.

Still it flows among the meadows
Singing as of yore
To the trailing ferns and mosses
On the winding shore,
To the pines that dip their branches
In the crystal wave below,
And the crimson leaves of autumn
Falling in the Gaspereau.

Helen Merrill Egerton

This writer of good lyric verse should long ago have had a book of her poems published. She was born at Napanee, Ontario. Her father was the late Edward Merrill, Judge of the County Court, Picton, Ontario. Her education was received in the local schools of Picton and at Ottawa Ladies College. In 1917, Miss Merrill married Mr. Frank Egerton, C.E., of Maidstone, Kent County, England. They reside in Toronto. Some years ago Mrs. Egerton was elected a member of The Society of Colonial

Families, Boston, Massachusetts. This was because her mother was a kinswoman of Jonathan Edwards and other prominent Americans. Her first ancestor on this continent was a French Huguenot, who landed in 1633, and was one of the founders of Newbury Port. Miss Anne Merrill, well-known in journalistic circles, is a sister.

Sandpipers

Morning on the misty highlands,
  On the outer shining islands;
Gulls their grey way seaward winging
  To the blinking zones of blue;
South winds in the shallows singing
  Where I wander far with you,
Little pipers, careless, free,
  On the sandlands by the sea.

All day, on the amber edges
Of the pools and silver ledges
Of the sedgelands in the sun,
Restlessly the pipers run—
  Weet, a-weet, a-weet, a-weet!
Sun and wind and sifting sand,
Joy of June on sea and land—
  Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!

Evening on the fading highlands,
On the outer amber islands;
Grey wings folded in the sedges,
In the glimmer of a star
Where the lamps of Algol are
Shining on a world's white edges.

Moonlight on the sombre forelands,
On the outer, silver shorelands;
Peaceful mists that pale and drift
Seaward like a phantom fleet,
Through a sapphire, shadowed rift.

Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!
Night, and stars, and empty hushes,
Darkness in the purple rushes—
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!

When Crimson Tinges the Maple Buds

When crimson tinges the maple buds
And heavenly light a gray Earth floods:
When the chickadee's elfin horn is heard
In leafless woodlands—O happy bird!
O happy bird—"phoebe, phoebe"—
Thine airy piping brings to me
Forgotten lays of Arcadie!

When faintly sighs the wind as it passes,
And green flames run in the faded grasses:
Or slanting streams of rain descend,
Through singing vales their way to wend—
O little shining drops of rain
Which patter on my window-pane,
I am in Arcadie again!

In Autumn Fields

In Autumn fields a purple twilight falls—
A lonely shorelark from a fallow calls;
A moment since the shining rain
In pools of amethyst
In furrows of the fields had lain
In violet mist.

In Autumn fields the shadows of the night
Press close, like homing birds in eager flight;
A gloomy sea is the graying land
Where glides a phanton sail,
And the wind is in the red oaks where I stand
By the cedar rail.

In Autumn fields the falling shadows seem
Like waves which flow upon that sea of dream,
And ever in the red oak grieves
The wind in the withered leaves—
Oh! ever in the red oak grieves
The wind in old leaves.

John W. Garvin

Born at Lynden, Wentworth county, Ontario, March 19, 1859. Eldest living son of the late David Garvin, a native of Ireland, and his wife, Melissa Lemon, a Canadian of English descent. In the Fall of 1864, the family moved to Midhurst, North Simcoe, where his father had bought a sawmill and timber limits. Prepared for Senior Matriculation at the Barrie Collegiate Institute. An honour graduate of the University of Toronto in Mental, Moral and Political Science, and a Specialist in English of the Education Department of Ontario. Editor of numerous volumes. Was an educator for years, and is an Ex-Inspector of Public Schools. In November, 1912, married Miss Amelia B. Warnock, of Galt and Toronto, whose pen-name is 'Katherine Hale'. Lives in Toronto, Canada.

Busy Bee

Busy bee, come tell me true,
What it is that you must do,
In this world of work and strife,
Battlefield of Death and Life?
Why so busy every day?
Why not flit in idle play?

Quoth the bee in gentle tone,
Ere he blew his shrill trombone:
'In this land of toil and strife
Mine it is to sweeten life;
Though a little insect thing,
Sipping sweets or on the wing,

Forty days in which to live,
Forty days to get and give,
'Tis my duty plainly seen,
Making honey for a queen.

'Though I labour hard and sweat,
Rich reward I ever get:
Wooing, kissing fragrant flowers
In the merry golden hours,
Bearing messages of joy
To the maiden blossoms coy.

'Let me ask you, brother mine,
Can your duties you define?
As you toil with hand and mind,
Do you compensation find?
As you struggle so for money,
Do you gather love and honey?
While the sunny days abound,
Do you gladness bear around?
If you toil in gloom and pain,
Man, O Man, you toil in vain!'

The Sawmill

In boyhood's morn I sat me oft
On mossy banks where Willow* laves,
Or climbed o'erhanging trees aloft
To dash their branches in the waves.

Oft watched the ripples as they sped
A-singing e'er their cheerful lay,
And craved a flowing life instead
Of drowsy seat or idle play ;

* A tributary of the Nottawasaga river.

Or held a chip-made little craft
By knotted cord with eager glee,
And with the clinging current laughed
To see it struggle to be free.

Oft in the shallows splashed about
With plunge and stroke, with joyous vim,
And wondered how the frog and trout
So easily had learned to swim.

The rushing roar of waterfalls
Again is ringing in my ears;
Glad memories it e'er recalls
And ever will through fleeting years.

Above the dam, beneath the hill,
The cuts of pine their turn await,
And buzzing sounds from out the mill
Foretell to all their coming fate.

Within the flume swift waters glide
To whirl the power-wheel below;
Fresh logs slip up the barky slide,
The cant-hook rolls them in a row.

There flashing, biting, whirring steel,
The freighted truck, the belted gear,
The trimming edger's shrilly squeal,
And lumber piling in the rear.

The plankway up the steep incline
The straining teams and wagons dinge;
Along the height the browsing kine
Are seen amid the hazel fringe.

On either shore stretch far and wide
A thousand rods of nodding pines;
The winding Willow's gleaming tide
Alone their depth of shade defines.

*O Canada!**

1*st Stanza*

Two stanzas of the late Hon. Judge Adolphe Basile Routhier's *Le Chant National,* sung universally by the French Canadians, with translations by John W. Garvin.

O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux!
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,
Il sait porter la croix!
Ton histoire est une épopée
Des plus brillants exploits.
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits.

O Canada, our fair ancestral land!
Crowning thy brow soft glows a starry band.
Thy loyal arm the sword can wield,
The cross it bears on high:

* English translation by permission of Whaley, Royce & Co. Ltd., publishers of this version, with music specially arranged by Dr. Ernest MacMillan.

Thy deeds of valour are a shield
To guard and glorify.
By faith imbued with guiding lights,
Thy valour guards our hearths and all our rights.

4th Stanza

Amour sacré du trône et de l'autel,
Remplis nos cœurs de ton souffle immortel!
Parmi les races étrangères,
Notre guide est la loi:
Sachons être un peuple de frères
Sous le joug de la foi.
Et répétons comme nos pères,
Le cri vainqueur: "Pour le Christ et le Roi!"

O sacred love of altar and of throne!
Fill all our hearts with thy immortal tone.
With foreign nations peace prevail
And law and justice guide.
As brothers, all our people hail
And comradeship abide.
O Canada! Repeat and sing
Our fathers' victory call: "For Christ and King!"

Jean Graham

This well-known and popular journalist was born at Canton near Port Hope, Ontario. Her father was the Rev. James Graham of the Methodist Ministry, a native of Ireland. Her maternal grandfather was the late Dr. Wellington Jeffers, editor of the *Christian Guardian* (1860-1870). Educated at the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, where she won the Governor-General's medal in Literature, and at the University of Toronto. For years she taught Junior English and Mathematics in Ontario High Schools; and later was on the staff of a Presbyterian Ladies College in North

Carolina. Since 1903, Miss Graham has been associated with *Saturday Night*. For several years she was editor of the *Canadian Home Journal*. Has been a contributor also to a number of American magazines.

A February Friend

They'll tell you that in Winter-time
The fairies go away—
That with the swallows they depart
In brighter climes to stay.

But I discovered in the woods
One February day
A kindly little ice-crowned one
With hair of silver-grey.

She seemed so strange to all the scene,
I asked: 'Oh, are you lost?'
She laughed—like tinkling icicles—
'Oh, no—I'm Fairy Frost.'

She danced beneath the fir-tree,
A tiny glittering form—
'I'm dancing every afternoon
To keep my heart quite warm.'

The Tonsil's Coming-out Party

It was a little tonsil,
As bad as he could be;
He sent a redness to the eye,
Rheumatics to the knee.

Along there came a Specialist,
A learned one, no doubt.
He said unto that tonsil,
'You surely must come out.'

So the wicked little tonsil
And his brother, Not-so-Bad,
Went off unto the Hospital,
In spirit, worn and sad.

The Specialist confronted them
And tore them out with glee;
He didn't care a little bit
About their Life-to-Be.

That wicked little tonsil
Is dead as dead can be.
No more have I a reddened eye,
Rheumatics in the knee.

The Friction of the Fractions

The gentle Mrs. Decimal,
Who counts by tens, you know,
Resolved to give a party small
To several friends or so.

She was a dame of kindly heart,
With excellent intent,
And wished that all her family
Should be in friendship blent.

Alas for her intentions!
She asked in careless mood
Those dreadful Vulgar Fractions
Whose actions are so rude.

They came, of course, in evening dress
And scampered all about.
A Compound Fraction broke a vase
And turned the lights all out.

A Complex Fraction then turned up
And slapped a Subtrahend;
A Proper Fraction tumbled down—
Her arm they couldn't mend.

A most Improper Fraction
Then made a deafening noise;
They found that she was playing
With Dividends for toys.

So, gentle Mrs. Decimal
Sent off in deep despair
For Greatest Common Factor
To come and clear the air.

He lectured and he 'strafed' 'em well,
And packed 'em good and tight
Within a parellelogram,
And sent 'em home in fright.

You ask me how those fractions feel
About their party gay?
They've simply trotted back to school
All 'broken up' they say.

Katherine Hale

Katherine Hale is the pen-name of Mrs. John W. Garvin of Toronto. Born in Galt, Ontario, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Warnock. Her father came from Kilmarnock, Scotland, and her mother (née Katherine Hale Byard) from Mobile, Alabama. Her maternal great-grandfather, Major J. B. Hogan, was aide-de-camp to La Fayette, in the State of Alabama, when the distinguished General toured the United States in 1824-25. Educated in Galt, and at Miss Veal's school, Toronto Ontario. Later, studied singing in New York. Mrs. Garvin has won distinction in both poetry and prose, and on the recital platform.

Morning in the West (poetry) and *Canadian Houses of Romance* (prose) are her two most notable books. Her *Legends of the St. Lawrence* have been widely distributed.

Ballad of Jasper Road

I know a Blackfoot Chief
Whose name is Dark Plume Bill.
He lived beside the Jasper Road—
And lives there still.

He wears a queer checked coat
And a grey bowler hat,
But looks his ninety-seven years
For all of that.

His gaze is unconcerned
As he sits in the sun,
And counts the flashing motor-cars
That pass, one-by-one,

And trucks, like dreary monsters
Of a prehistoric day,
That are rushing down the road
In their crazy way.

'The first Red River cart,'
Said Dark Plume Bill to me,
'Came lurching up the prairie
Like a ship at sea.'

(Oh, the long blue road,
And the stealthy pad of feet
And the first patient ox-cart
With its sail-like sheet!)

'Then the carts came faster,
And at the time of snow
We camped outside the Palisade,
Seventy years ago.

'Arrows, guns—big Buffalo hunts,
  Much long fight,
And fires to warm the tepees
  For the feasts at night.

'But when they laid the steel
  And the long trail awoke
My Indian tribe had scattered
  Like the wigwam smoke.'

His gaze was unconcerned,
  Yet he scanned the way he knew,
As though from out its clamour
  He had found a vanished clew.

And I thought it must be strange
  To sit in the sun
And look upon an ancient road
  That you had seen begun

Out of silence and mystery
  And crafty, ambushed death,
Come alive with men, and monsters
  Of such an alien breath.

(Oh, the long blue road
  And the stealthy pad of feet
And the first patient ox-cart.
  With its sail-like sheet!)

Miracles

We said: 'The Universe shall kneel!'
And so the dreams of long ago
Have bound the winds and stars,
And lashed the waves to giant bars;
Till Light itself is chained.
We fly on wings of steel;

We beckon Mars.
Almost the frightened worlds, I feel,
Must in their journey swerve and wheel
Far from the Will of Earth.

Suppose the Universe should speak!
And on some thundering street
Quite suddenly, before our eyes
A fountain, cool and sweet,
A careless, laughing little thing
Should dance upon the air
And all the very wise of us
Be held in wonder there! . . .
Suppose one day an angel,
Through some caprice or whim,
Should walk along a city way
That we might talk to him;
And all the men and women,
And all the horses too,
Should bow and fall before him,
As mortals used to do! . . .

I wish that some quaint miracle
Might happen even to-day,
Whereby the Universe should speak
And men kneel down and pray.

To Peter Pan in Winter

"And so it was arranged that Peter Pan should fly back alone to Fairyland, and that once a year Mrs. Darling would allow Wendy to go and stay a whole week with him to do his Spring cleaning."

Spring house-cleaning in Arcadie,
When every bough is bare;
'If it bring Wendy back to me,
I wish,' quoth Pan, "twere here.'

For Peter Pan is sometimes sad
In spite of all that's sung;
He has to pipe and dance like mad
To keep this old world young.

And as he pipes the fairies light
A star for every tone.
(Do starry lights burn just as bright
When one is all alone?)
And as he pipes small elfin folk
Foregather from the moon,
And dance, and flash, and fade like smoke
While he plays on and on.

His magic tree-tops shine with ice
That used to melt in green,
The people creep like small brown mice
Down in the worlds between.
And Wendy may be well or ill,
And play or go to school;
But Pan sits high and pipes his fill
And minds no mortal rule.

O Peter Pan, the winds are cold,
The snow is deep and high;
The Never-Never Land is gold,
And yet—perhaps you sigh;
Perhaps you know, though just an elf,
In your small fairy way,
How wretched one is by himself,
When Some One Else can't stay!

So pipe your sweetest, Peter Pan,
And clang the silver bells;
Send all the elfin din you can
To where the Great One dwells,

Who holds the Spring within His hand,
That you who wait above,
And we, in this midwinter world,
May call again—to Love.

S. Frances Harrison

A Toronto poet and novelist of quality whose villanelles in particular have brought her distinction. They are vivid pen-pictures of French-Canadian life and character. Susie Frances Riley was born in Toronto, February 24, 1859. Her father was the late John Byron Riley, proprietor of the 'Revere House,' King St. West. She was educated privately in Toronto and Montreal, and early developed musical and literary talent. While in her 21st year she married Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, a professional musician, from Bristol, England. 'Seranus' (Mrs. Harrison's pen-name) began her literary career shortly after the family moved to Toronto from Ottawa in 1887, and has published since then three books of verse and several novels.

Father Couture

Father Couture loves a fricassee,
Served with a sip of home-made wine,
He is the Curé, so jolly and free,

And lives in Petite Ste. Rosalie.
On Easter Sunday when one must dine,
Father Couture loves a fricassee.

No stern ascetic, no stoic is he,
Preaching a rigid right divine.
He is the Curé, so jolly and free,

That while he maintains his dignity,
When Lent is past and the weather is fine,
Father Couture loves a fricassee.

He kills his chicken himself—*on dit*,
And who is there dare the deed malign?
He is the Curé, so jolly and free.

Open and courteous, fond of a fee,
The village deity, bland and benign,
Father Couture loves a fricassee;
He's a sensible Curé, so jolly and free!

Chateau Papineau

I

The red tiled towers of the old Château
Perched on the cliff above our bark,
Burn in the western evening glow.

The fiery spirit of Papineau
Consumes them still with its fever spark,
The red tiled towers of the old Château!

Drift by and mark how bright they show,
And how the mullioned windows—mark!
Burn in the western evening glow!

Drift down, or up, where'er you go,
They flame from out the distant park,
The red tiled towers of the old Château.

So was it once with friends, with foe;
Far off they saw the patriot's ark
Burn in the western evening glow.

Think of him now! One thought bestow,
As, blazing against the pine trees dark,
The red tiled towers of the old Château
Burn in the western evening glow!

II

Within this charmèd cool retreat
Where bounty dwelt and beauty waits,
The Old World and the New World meet.

Quitting the straggling village street,
Enter,—passing the great gray gates,
Within this charmèd cool retreat,

Where thrives a garden, ancient, neat,
Where vulgar noise ne'er penetrates,
The Old World and the New World meet.

For mouldering vault and carven seat
Tell us that France predominates
Within this charmèd cool retreat,

Though Canada be felt in beat
Of summer pulse that enervates.
The Old World and the New World meet

In dial, arbour, tropic heat.
Enter! And note, how clear all states—
That in this charmèd cool retreat,
The Old World and the New World meet.

V

The spell of Age is over all,
The lichened vault, the massive keep,
The shaded walks, the shadowy hall,

And mediæval mists enthral
The senses bathed in beauty sleep,
The spell of age is over all!

No marvel if a silken shawl
Be sometimes heard to trail and sweep
The shaded walks, the shadowy hall,

No marvel if a light footfall
Adown the stair be heard to creep—
The spell of age is over all.

A foot—we muse—both arched and small,
Doth often tread this terrace steep,
Those shaded walks, this shadowy hall,

A foot as white as trilliums tall—
Musing, the wall we lightly leap.
The spell of Age is over all!
The shaded walks—the shadowy hall.

At St. Jerome

Among the hills of St. Jerome,
Though woods are thick and winds are bleak
I would not fear to make my home.

White lilies blow amid the foam
Of waterfalls that outlets seek
Among the hills of St. Jerome.

With blueberries and honeycomb,
At Whitefish Lake or Ste. Monique
I would not fear to make my home,

Nor fear to sleep, beneath the dome
Of arching trees with creatures sleek,
Among the hills of St. Jerome;

My bed the bracken—book, the tome
Scripted for me on rocky peak,
I would not fear to make my home

Where the Black Mountain grisly gnome,
Might nightly wake me with his shriek!
Among the hills of St. Jerome
I would not fear to make my home.

At Lac Labelle

I pity those who have not been—
Where'er their feet have strayed before—
To Lac Labelle when woods are green.

No matter what they may have seen,
If they know not that charmèd shore,
I pity those who have not been

To this, a Paradise terrene,
Where northern airs the soul restore,
To Lac Labelle when woods are green.

A sheet of silver in the sheen
Of moonlight! Daytime's golden floor!
I pity those who have not been

To stay within this fair demesne,
(Whose wayside Calvary all implore)
To Lac Labelle when woods are green.

Ah, when shall I be free to glean
Peace in thy midst for evermore!
Pray pity me—I have not been
To Lac Labelle when woods are green.

Dorothy Choate Herriman

One of Canada's youngest poets of talent. *Mater Sylva,* her first book of verse (attractively illustrated by herself), was issued in the Fall of 1929, and was well received by the critics. Miss Herriman was born at Lindsay, Ontario, September 1, 1901, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Choate Herriman. She was educated at the Orillia Collegiate Institute, at Havergal College, Toronto, and at the Ontario College of Art. Her present address is Cobourg, Ontario, where her father is superintendent of the Ontario Hospital there. Miss Herriman is related to the distinguished Choate family of the United States, one of whom,

Joseph H. Choate, was, some years ago, ambassador to the Court of St. James, London. An ancestor fought for Canada in the war of 1812—14.

Orange Elf-Cups

(*Peziza Aurantiaca*)

I wandered through the summer woods
Along a fragrant way,
And wished that gnomes would leave their homes
Before the close of day.

Their mushroom tables there I found,
And tiny toadstool chairs,
But best of all some dishes small
That certainly were theirs.

For they were neatly packed away
Among the moss and leaves,
Well hid from wise and shining eyes
Of prowling wood-folk thieves.

Here was indeed the banquet-set,—
So gayly lined with red
That rain or dew therein, I knew,
Would turn a mortal's head.

Alas, no hungry goblin came,
No thirsty elf or fay,—
I could not bide till eventide,
When falls the fairy day.

The Spruce Tree

I am a spruce tree tall and strong;
Over my branches all day long
The blackbirds hop and the red squirrels run,
And the chipmunks chatter and chirp in fun.

I am a spruce tree wide and green;
Birds in my branches hide unseen;
My cones are treasures of tempting seed,
In their winter garner, the squirrels to feed.

I am a spruce tree white with snow;
Over my head the tempests blow,
But warm and green are my arms, to care
For the birds, when maples and elms are bare.

I am a spruce tree green and wide;
Close to my heart the wood-folk hide;
By day they flutter and fly and run,
And I guard their sleep when the day is done.

Quest

The heart of a bird that comes North in the spring,
In a passionate handful of feathers a-wing,
Is Love's pilgrim, a seeker for Joy, who must ride
Through the midnight and over the storm, with no guide
But an infinite faith in Life's primitive urge. . . .

As a bird in the spring at the call of desire,—
Let us trust our Soul's wings, let us Rise and Aspire.

Norah M. Holland

A cousin on her mother's side of the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats. Born in Collingwood, Ontario, January 10, 1876. Died in Toronto, April 27, 1925. Published two books of lyrics and lyrical dramas: *Spun-Yarn and Spindrift* (1918) and *When Half Gods Go* (1924). Married in September, 1922, Lionel W. Claxton, an Englishman. Mrs. Claxton was an ardent Irish patriot, and a firm believer in fairies. Her father was a nephew of the late Chief Justice Hagarty . . . The editor of this book met Norah M. Holland first in 1916, and was so pleased with the lyrical quality of her verse that he gave her place in the first edition of *Canadian Poets*. One of her proudest possessions was a re-

production of a crayon sketch made in 1904, by W. B. Yeats' father, while she was a guest in his house.

My Dog and I

My dog and I, the hills we know
Where the first faint wild roses blow,
  We know the shadowy paths and cool
That wind across the woodland dim,
And where the water beetles swim
Upon the surface of the pool.

My dog and I, our feet brush through
Full oft the fragrant morning dew,
  Or when the summer sun is high
We linger where the river flows,
Chattering and chuckling as it goes,
  Two happy tramps, my dog and I.

Or, when the winter snows are deep,
Into some fire-lit nook we creep
  And, while the north wind howls outside,
See castles in the dancing blaze,
Or, dozing, dream of summer days
  And woodland stretches, wild and wide.

My dog and I are friends till death,
And when the chill, dark angel's breath
  Shall call him from me, still I know
Somewhere within the shadowy land
Waiting his master he will stand
  Until my summons comes to go.

And, in that life so strange and new,
We'll tramp the fields of Heaven through,
  Loiter the crystal river by,
Together walk the hills of God
As when the hills of earth we trod,
  Forever friends, my dog and I.

The Lost Shoe

Last night, by the side of the mountain lake,
  Half hid in heather and ling,
As I went the way that the wild deer take,
  I found a wonderful thing—
A tiny shoe, such as fairies make,
  Golden and glimmering.

Some fairy had lost it, dancing there
  In the moon-ray, light and fleet,
While the flutes and cymbals shook in the air
  A-twinkle with elfin feet;

Lost it and left it—small and fair,
Dainty and gold and sweet.

Will the leprechaun toil all night long
To match the missing shoe?—
Sewing away with a golden thong
Till his weary task is through,
And keeping time with an elfin song
To his hammer's tick, tack, too?

Did she seek it, I wonder, all in vain
Ere the fairy host took flight?
Shall I hear her sob in the summer rain
At my window-pane to-night?
Or see her wander the hills again
With tear-stained face and white?

I think that this morning I will take
The golden, glimmering
Small shoe once more to the mountain lake,
And there, in the fairy ring,
Lay it and leave it—for her sake,
That sorrowful elfin thing.

Hilda Mary Hooke

Probably the most talented of our younger poets. Born October 8, 1898, in Odcombe, Somerset, England, and in May 1902 came to Canada with her parents. The family settled in London, Ontario. She was educated chiefly at home by her mother (née Annie F. Jackson), but like Pauline Johnson and other poets, learned much from reading. She attended the London Conservatory of Music and is a graduate of that institution. For years she listened to the inspiring words and teachings of Robert Norwood (q.v.) while he was Rector of Cronyn Memorial Church, and in her literary efforts received from him appreciative

encouragement. In September 1925 Miss Hooke married Mr. Richard Tapscott Smith. To the regret of many admirers, Mrs. Smith has not yet published a book of her poems.

Misty Moon

Misty Moon, Misty Moon, whither away?
I'm speeding to lock up the portals of Day.

Misty Moon, what will you use for a bar?
The great golden gates shall be sealed with a star.

Why are your pinions so wide and so deep?
To shake down my dreams on the Valley of Sleep.

What will you give me to-night, Mother Moon?
I'll rock you to sleep with a Wonderland croon.

Misty Moon, Misty Moon, whither away?
I'm speeding to lock up the portals of Day.

To an April Child

Flash of jewelled sunlight,
  Skies of iris blue;
Laugh, my elfin maiden,
  April laughs with you!

Heaven's face enshrouded,
  March of muted rain;
Mourn, my elfin maiden,
  April weeps again.

Laughter strung with sorrow,
  Tears with joy beguiled:
April's ancient birthright
  Crowning April's child.

Vesper

The scarlet birds of sunset
  Have hovered and flown away;
It is time for the gods of the twilight
  To cover the face of Day.

The songs of the minstrel thrushes
  Have gone where the night-winds roam;
It is time for my wayward children
  To gather their dream-thoughts home.

October

Over the edge of a day begun
Troop the cohorts of the gypsy sun;
Tatters of crimson and rags of gold —
What does it matter if suns grow old?

The mantle of mist that enfolds the trees
Is torn to shreds by the whistling breeze;
The roads of the city are swathed and dumb—
What do they matter when Fall is come?

The stately ranks of the maples rise
With scarlet banners to meet the skies;
The man of the city goes hurried and grim—
What do the maples matter to him?

The leaves ride out on the frosty air
Like laughing girls with tumbled hair;
Nature kneels at her morning prayers;
What does it matter how business fares?

Fallen over the common street
The leaves are shuffled by careless feet;
Weep no tears for the gentle dead—
What does it matter when April's ahead?

Iris

Iris by the riverside,
  Tall and proud and blue,
Love was very wonderful
  When His heart dreamed you.

With the springtide fragrance,
  Sun and sweeping rain,
Came your mystic radiance
  To the world again.

You have grown and blossomed
  Many long lives through,
Many stars have fashioned
  This unfathomed You.

You have heard the triumph
Of eternal spheres
Flung along the arches
Of the ancient years,

Till their vibrant music
Singing in your soul
Lifts your mind to vision
Of a shining goal,

Where through pain and passion
Each new road you plod
Sweeps a flaming highway
To the hills of God.

Iris by the riverside,
Tall and proud and blue,
Love was very wonderful
When His heart dreamed you!

E. Pauline Johnson

This distinguished woman poet with the Indian name, Tekahionwake (Double Canoe), was a daughter of G. H. M. Johnson (Onwanonsyshon), Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians, in the Reserve near Brantford, Ontario. Chief Johnson built quite a costly home on his estate for his English bride, Emily S. Howells. It was named 'Chiefswood', and Pauline was born there, March 10, 1862. She was the youngest of four children. Educated in Public Schools, but particularly in the great School of Nature. She was also fond of reading, poetry being favoured. Miss Johnson achieved international fame as a poet, and on the recital plaform. Shortly after her death in Vancouver, B.C.,

March 10, 1913, a complete volume of her poems was published, —her enduring monument. Her prose Indian legends, gleaned on the Pacific Coast, are also valuable.

The Song my Paddle Sings

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow,
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;
I wooed you long but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now,
The eddies circle about my bow!
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel, —
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed,
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

The Ballad of Yaada

A Legend of the Pacific Coast

There are fires on Lulu Island, and the sky is opalescent
With the pearl and purple tinting from the smouldering of peat.
And the Dream Hills lift their summits in a sweeping, hazy crescent,
With the Capilano canyon at their feet.

There are fires on Lulu Island, and the smoke, uplifting, lingers
In a faded scarf of fragrance as it creeps across the day.
And the Inlet and the Narrows blur beneath its silent fingers,
And the canyon is enfolded in its grey.

But the sun its face is veiling like a cloistered nun at vespers,
As towards the altar candles of the night a censer swings;
And the echo of tradition wakes from slumbering and whispers,
Where the Capilano river sobs and sings.

It was Yaada, lovely Yaada, who first taught the stream its sighing,
For 'twas silent till her coming, and 'twas voiceless as the shore;
But throughout the great forever it will sing the song undying
That the lips of lovers sing for evermore.

He was chief of all the Squamish, and he ruled the coastal waters—
And he warred upon her people in the distant Charlotte Isles;
She, a winsome basket weaver, daintiest of Haida daughters,
Made him captive to her singing and her smiles.

Till his hands forgot to havoc and his weapons lost their lusting,
Till his stormy eyes allured her from the land of Totem Poles,
Till she followed where he called her, followed with a woman's trusting,
To the canyon where the Capilano rolls.

And the women of the Haidas plied in vain their magic power,
Wailed for many moons her absence, wailed for many moons their prayer,
"Bring her back, O Squamish foeman, bring to us our Yaada flower!"
But the silence only answered their despair.

But the men were swift to battle, swift to cross the coastal water,
Swift to war and swift of weapon, swift to paddle trackless miles,
Crept with stealth along the canyon, stole her from her love and brought her
Once again unto the distant Charlotte Isles.

But she faded, ever faded, and her eyes were ever turning
Southward toward the Capilano, while her voice had hushed its song,
And her riven heart repeated words that on her lips were burning:
"Not to friend—but unto foeman I belong.

"Give me back my Squamish lover—though you hate, I still must love him.
Give me back the rugged canyon where my heart must ever be—
Where his lodge awaits my coming, and the Dream Hills lift above him,
And the Capilano learned its song from me."

But through long-forgotten seasons, moons too many to be numbered,
He yet waited by the canyon—she called across the years,
And the soul within the river, though centuries had slumbered,
Woke to sob a song of womanly tears.

For her little, lonely spirit sought the Capilano canyon,
When she died among the Haidas in the land of Totem Poles,
And you yet may hear her singing to her lover-like companion,
If you listen to the river as it rolls.

But 'tis only when the pearl and purple smoke is idly swinging
From the fires on Lulu Island to the hazy mountain crest,
That the undertone of sobbing echoes through the river's singing,
In the Capilano canyon of the west.

Robert Kirkland Kernighan

Better known as 'The Khan', a popular writer, long on the staff of the *Toronto Evening Telegram*. Born at Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ontario, April 25, 1857. Educated in the local public school. He lived at Rockton (if we except a short period while he was editor of *The Sun*, Winnipeg), until his death, November 4, 1926. His parents were Andrew and Jane Kernighan, the father, an Irishman and the mother from Quebec. Kernighan's first book of verse, *The Khan's Canticles*, was published in 1896. He wrote in a log building on his farm, called 'The Wigwam'. His house, a frame building, can be seen from the highway, as you pass, surrounded by an old, tall and thick lilac hedge. It was this hedge in bloom that inspired the poem, 'Lady Lilac'. In 1926, the *Telegram* printed a volume of his collected poems.

Bairnies, Cuddle Doon

The baby trilliums heard the rain
Down in their beds below,
And then they whispered, 'Muvver, dear,
Oh! can't we start and grow?

For in the wondrous world above
The south winds sway and swoon.'
The mother trillium answered them:
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!'

'Oh, muvver, dear, a field mouse came
And touched me on the arm,
He said, 'tis raining up above,
The rain is soft and warm;
The ground hogs go and wash themselves
Down in the big lagoon!'
The mother trillium laughed and said:
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!'

'Oh, muvver, a nice straddle bug
My fingers he did squeeze,
He said the sap was running in
The great big maple trees;
He said the nights are sweet and warm,
Beneath a gentle moon.'
But, soothing them, the mother said:
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!'

'Oh, children, in the world above
The stormy winds still blow,
And you would perish, children dear,
In swirling drifts of snow;
A winter thaw may fool a man;
It never fools the loon,
So snuggle underneath the clothes,
My bairnies, cuddle doon!

'For when the winter time is done,
Your grave clothes you will shed,
You'll stand before the golden sun,
High heaven overhead;

The Lord will give you hints some morn,
You'll hear a far-off tune,
So till Great Gabriel blows his horn,
My bairnies, cuddle doon!'

The Perfume of the Sods

Along the shaded, lone concession way,
At twilight when the sky is gray,
The dew dips down and sucks aloft
The smell. elusive, subtle, soft,
Of new-mown hay.

And such a homely, country smell it is,
That he who owns a meadow, joy is his;
But yet he cannot say 'Lo, all is mine!'
The world about him breathes the breath divine
Of new-mown hay.

The farmer boy whose feet may far off stray,
Down many a weary, strange and devious way,
Is helped to ease a heart-ache if he smells
Even in a dream the fragrant breath that swells
From new-mown hay.

How many perfumes come and go, but they
Are half-forgotten in the dew-wet day;
On mountain, mere, on hillside sand or sod,
There is no smell this side the fields of God
Like new-mown hay.

The Canadian West

(*Originally entitled 'Manitoba'*)

The blue and gold—the blue and gold expand,
They floor and roof this smiling, new-born land;

The wheat and sky so rich in hope and love,
The gold of God below, the blue above.

Behold ye now the fabled golden street,
Fit avenue for saints' and angels' feet;
Feel ye the west wind as it dances through,
Below, the gold of God; above, the blue.

Hark to the stamp of hoof, the roaring wheel,
'Mid blaze of colour and the flash of steel!
Be these invaders that may fill with woe
The blue above—the golden streets below?

Not to the battle, but the harvest field,
The thund'rous binders come to reap the yield
Of frost and snow, of rain and sun and dew—
The tourney field below; above, the blue.

Hark to the merry noise—the joyous whir
Of driving-wheel and roaring cylinder;
At night the camp-fires flush with ruddy glow
The blue above, the tinted wheat below.

God keeps His promise—He doth aye prevail;
Seed-time and harvest, they shall never fail.
Behold, the canvas that He doth unfold:
Above, the blue; below, the cloth of gold!

Lady Lilac

Her perfume floats upon me in a perfect avalanche,
'Glory Hallelujah!' shouts the tree toad on the branch.
She whispers to the silent night that chilly days are dead,
And the poorest little maiden has a bouquet by her bed.

Ah! the pretty little maiden, with the early summer blent,
Wears a bunch of Lady Lilac on her bosom innocent;

Many lovely blossoms blossom in the summer, spring and fall,
But the long-loved Lady Lilac is the sweetest of them all.

Barefoot Lady Lilac is in clover to her knees,
'Glory Hallelujah!' is the chorus of the bees;
The meanest little duffer in the whole of Christendom,
May for a dainty favour to dear Lady Lilac come.

For she is what was promised us throughout the month of May,
And God is good, no matter what the evil ones may say—
Rarer plants may blossom in the rich and castled hall,
But my darling Lady Lilac is the fairest of them all.

Lucky little baby that you were born to-day,
'Glory Hallelujah!' I can hear the angels say,

For your birthday will be splendid in the wondrous years
to come,
You will see the lilac pluming, you will hear the wild
bees hum.

The splendid Lady Lilac will a birthday present bring;
You will hear the tree toad joking, you will hear the cat-
bird sing;
Of all the flowers that perfume fling, when June time
evenings fall,
My sweetheart, Lady Lilac, is the dearest of them all.

The lissom Lady Lilac lifts her tall and graceful crest;
'Glory Hallelujah!' sighs the cat-bird in her nest;
A little maid is dying, her half-starved life is spilt,
But a dozen plumes of lilac hide the old and shabby quilt.

Her thin and quivering nostrils seek the sweetest of the
bloom,
And she hears an angel fluttering in the silence of the
room;
She sees, as she is standing on the golden river's edge,
That Heaven is surrounded by a lovely lilac hedge.
Of all the flowers that blossom in the summer time or
fall,
The dainty Lady Lilac is the sweetest of them all.

Archibald Lampman

This beloved poet was born at Morpeth, Ontario, November 17, 1861. His father was Rev. Archibald Lampman, Rector of Trinity Church. When a child of seven, Archibald was stricken with rheumatic fever. He suffered acutely and was lame for four years. As a result he never afterwards enjoyed robust health. Graduated from Trinity University, Toronto, in 1882, with honours in Classics. A few months later he entered the Civil Service at Ottawa. In 1887 he married Miss Maud Playter of

Toronto. The following year, *Among The Millet*, his first book of poems, was published. Died February 10, 1899, survived by wife and children. Lampman is ranked as one of the greatest of Canada's poets, because of his masterly interpretation and artistic expression of Canadian nature and spirit.

Among the Millet

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
  The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
  Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
  The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
  The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
  A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
  The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
  The men of old for moulding
In simple beauty such a dream,
  And I could lie beholding,

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
  The wind from morn till even
Forever shepherd you across
  The shining field of heaven.

Morning on the Lievre

Far above us where a jay
Screams his matins to the day,
Capped with gold and amethyst,
Like a vapour from the forge

Of a giant somewhere hid,
Out of hearing of the clang
Of his hammer, skirts of mist
Slowly up the woody gorge
Lift and hang.

Softly as a cloud we go,
Sky above and sky below,
Down the river; and the dip
Of the paddles scarcely breaks,
With the little silvery drip
Of the water as it shakes
From the blades, the crystal deep
Of the silence of the morn,
Of the forest yet asleep;
And the river reaches borne
In a mirror, purple gray,
Sheer away
To the misty line of light,
Where the forest and the stream
In the shadow meet and plight,
Like a dream.

From amid a stretch of reeds,
Where the lazy river sucks
All the water as it bleeds
From a little curling creek,
And the muskrats peer and sneak
In around the sunken wrecks
Of a tree that swept the skies
Long ago,
On a sudden seven ducks
With a splashy rustle rise
Stretching out their seven necks,
One before, and two behind,
And the others all arow,

And as steady as the wind
With a swivelling whistle go,
Through the purple shadow led,
Till we only hear their whir
In behind a rocky spur,
Just ahead.

The Little Handmaiden

The King's son walks in the garden fair—
  Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
He little knows for his toil and care,
That the bride is gone and the bower is bare.
  Put on garments of white, my maidens!

The sun shines bright through the casement high—
  Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
The little handmaid, with a laughing eye,
Looks down on the King's son strolling by.
  Put on garments of white, my maidens!

"He little knows that the bride is gone,
  And the Earl knows little as he;
She is fled with her lover afar last night,
  And the King's son is left to me."

And back to her chamber with velvety step
  The little handmaid did glide,
And a gold key took from her bosom sweet,
  And opened the great chests wide.

She bound her hair with a band of blue,
  And a garland of lilies sweet;
And put on her delicate silken shoes,
  With roses on both her feet.

She clad her body in spotless white,
With a girdle as red as blood.
The glad white raiment her beauty bound,
As the sepals bind the bud.

And round and round her white neck she flung
A necklace of sapphires blue;
On one white finger of either hand
A shining ring she drew.

Then down the stairway and out the door
She glided, as soft and light,
As an airy tuft of a thistle seed
Might glide through the grasses bright.

And into the garden sweet she stole —
The little birds carolled loud—
Her beauty shone as a star might shine
In the rift of a morning cloud.

The King's son walked in the garden fair,
And the little handmaiden came,
Through the midst of a shimmer of roses red,
Like a sunbeam through a flame.

The King's son marvelled, his heart leaped up,
"And art thou my bride?" said he,
"For, North or South, I have never beheld
A lovelier maid than thee,"

"And dost thou love me?" the little maid cried,
"A fine King's son, I wis!"
The King's son took her with both his hands,
And her ruddy lips did kiss.

The little maid laughed till the beaded tears
Ran down in a silver rain.
"Oh foolish King's son!" and she clapped her hands
Till the gold rings rang again.

"O King's son foolish and fooled art thou,
For a goodly game is played;
The bride is away with her lover last night,
And I am her little handmaid."

And the King's son sware a great oath: said he, —
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
"If the Earl's fair daughter a traitress be,
The little handmaid is enough for me."
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

The King's son walks in the garden fair—
Oh, the maiden's heart is merry!
And the little handmaiden walketh there,
But the old Earl pulleth his beard for care.
Put on garments of white, my maidens!

Lily Alice Lefevre

Born in Stratford, Ontario, but shortly after the family moved to Brockville, where they lived for many years. Her father was Richard Plunkett Cooke, C.E., of King's County, Ireland; and her mother, Anna, daughter of Lynch Plunkett, of Castlemore, County Mayo. Mr. Cooke came to Canada as an official of the Grand Trunk Railway, in charge of construction work. Educated by a governess, and later at the Convent of Ville Marie, in Montreal. In 1883, married John M. Lefevre, M.D., M.R.C.S., who was appointed subsequently Surgeon of the Western Division of the C.P.R. Vancouver (then Granville) was destroyed by fire in 1886, and the Lefevres arrived soon after. Many of Mrs. Lefevre's lyrics have been set to music. 'Langaravine', her house and grounds on the Pacific Coast, is one of the most beautiful homes in all Canada.

Song of the St. Lawrence

Deep in the silent forest shades of caverns dark as night
A thousand streams steal into life like threads of silver light,—

No birth obscure from trickling springs is mine whose mighty flow
Was cradled on the royal breast of broad Ontario.

From glorious lakes my spirit takes its freedom and its power,
And gifts of beauty wild and sweet are mine by right and dower;
Crowned with a heritage sublime my waves serenely roll,
The noblest river earth can claim from frozen Pole to Pole.

For softly may the Danube pass by city, bridge, and town,
And calm by ancient castled crags the Rhine go winding down,
And slowly glide o'er shallows wide the Mississippi's stream,
And flash the rushing Amazon where the jungle flowers gleam,—

But mingling in my breast I bear in triumph to the sea
The majesty and strength I drew from Huron grand and free,
The wild blue waves of Erie and Niagara's shining spray,
And the smile of bright Ontario beneath the morning ray.

And strewn like sparkling jewels upon me in my pride
A thousand fairy isles are softly mirrored in my tide,
Till the foam of rushing rapids weaves a snowy veil of mist
To cool my glowing waters that the summer sun has kissed.

Then onward calmly flowing and widening evermore
The dim Laurentian mountains keep guard upon my shore,
Where the cold salt breath of Ocean speeds the seagull on his way
To meet the gloomy surges of mysterious Saguenay.

There all around me murmurs of the mighty past arise,
The sound of vast upheavals, and the strange discordant cries
Of beast and bird departed, and the groans of riven rock
That in thunder falls asunder beneath the earthquake shock.

Oh, Canada! the omen take to cheer thee on thy way
And spur thy noblest effort to lead the van to-day,—
First-born from fiery chaos in Nature's awful throes,
First heralds of the nations thy mountain peaks arose!

So may'st thou stand forever in Freedom's holy light
The first to conquer error and the first to guard the right;
Through all the centuries to come I see thy glory shine,
I see thy calm fulfilment of a destiny divine.

The sails that gleam upon my tide will teach the world to know
The Flag of Canada where'er the winds of heaven blow,
And as the olive-branch that once the dove of promise bore,
So shall the Maple Leaf be hailed on many a distant shore.

And proudly still beside thee shall my crystal waters roll,
Bearing rich freights of garnered wealth to seek their distant goal,

The overflowing plenty of thy prairies' golden grain
To give the weary nations fresh heart and hope again.

But now while lingering tenderly around my sunny isles,
I dream of what thy fate shall be and ripple into smiles,
For deep within the glowing hues reflected in my breast
I see the glorious future of the land I love the best.

From these clear depths the lily-buds in sudden radiance start,
So shall the flower of genius awake within thy heart,
And when its snowy leaves unfold in majesty serene,
Art shall enshrine thy beauty, and thy Poets crown thee Queen!

And countless millions of thy sons shall shower at thy feet
Rich gifts of love and laurels, but my voice is low and sweet;
O Canada! my song is thine, and long as Time shall be,
My waters murmuring thy name shall flow into the sea.

Mavis

O, Mavis, awake and remember!
Look out from your lattice and see!
The world is awaiting your bridal,
The earth, and the air, and the sea!
The bright dawn before you is flinging
Her jewels of sunlight and dew,
And the joy in my heart, oh, my darling,
Is singing a welcome to you!

Mavis, Mavis, Mavis!
The birds are calling you, Sweet!
The children are roaming the meadows
For flowers to strew at your feet!

The little grey church in the valley
Is bright with the blossoms of May,
And true is the heart of your lover
Who waits for your coming to-day!

The earth from her deep heart has sent you
The ring on your fair hand to shine,
Your wreath the blue ocean has brought you
From lands of the orange and vine,
Your white veil was woven by fairies
From mists of the mountain and sea,
And they wait for your waking, my darling,
This morn that will give you to me!

Mavis, Mavis, Mavis!
The birds are calling you, Sweet!
The children are roaming the meadows
For flowers to strew at your feet!
The little grey church in the valley
Is bright with the blossoms of May,
And true is the heart of your lover,—
Your lover for ever and aye!

Florence Randal Livesay

First attracted wide attention by her interpretations in English of Ukrainian folk-songs, which appeared in book form in 1916. *Shepherd's Purse,* the product entirely of her own lyrical gift, was published in 1923. Of those lyrics one competent critic wrote: "They are at once wild and cultivated, idyllic and realistic, artificial and sincere." For several years Miss Randal was a journalist, holding staff positions on the *Evening Journal,* Ottawa: *The Telegram,* Winnipeg; and the *Manitoba Free Press.* In 1908, she married Mr. J. F. B. Livesay. Mr. Livesay is general manager of *The Canadian Press,* and author of *Canada's Hundred Days.* He served for three months at the Front as Canadian Correspondent. Mrs. Livesay was born at Compton, P.Q., and was

educated at Compton Ladies College, now King's Hall. Her eldest daughter is also a poet of talent.

Cowbells at Midnight

As gloaming comes, the music knells:
The tira-la of jangling bells,
The tinkle as a cow's head bends,
The rough-sweet note that never ends.

But, mark you, in the dim, still night
The cowbells' music swells with might
Of woven spells to melody—
For then the Elves twang out their glee.

'O ring-a-ding-a-ding!' In tune
The daisies dance 'Moon-silver June'.
'O ding-a-ding-a-ding!' In time
The fireflies glow with every chime.

The sleepy cows bewildered kneel.
The elfin touch they scarcely feel,
As, charmed, they listen in a dream
While daisies dance and fireflies gleam.

The Well-brought-up Dog

Our Sukey was so well-brought-up! Her mother told her once
A thing or two—and that was all. She wasn't just a dunce.

'If you must steal from tables set, then do it in good style.
Don't hurt the people's feelings, but run perhaps a mile.

And eat your ham-bone out of sight, and wait until the night
Before you come back home again. Do try to be *polite*!'

So Sukey did the best she could. She licked the butter dish;
She had a taste of bottled cream, and just a dab of fish.

And then when they had scolded her and angry words had hurled,
She quite forgave them all and round her master's leg she curled.

But on her mother's words she thought, she knew she must obey.
It's hard to be misunderstood, but it's the only way.

She jumped upon the tablecloth and took a napkin, loose,
And bore it to her mistress stern (the silly little goose!)

And wagged her tail in duty bound and waited in this pose:
'I have a mouth to be wiped off, and don't forget my nose.'

Moral, for bad children:

And was she praised for cleanliness? She was *misunderstood.*
It's hopeless quite for little folk to try to be too good.

The Golden Touch

What would you do if the sunset glory
Turned to real gold, like the old-time story?

And all the buttercups, stiffened in mould,
Changed from the fairy to Midas gold?

What would you do if the dew from heaven
In sparkling diamonds to you were given?

If the deft spider whose work now graces
Bloom o' the grass, had woven rare laces?

'Tis not so bad a world as the world goes—
Would it be better were poetry prose?

Chovronja—The Pig

Translation of a fable by Krylov

In her master's yard once came a pig,
For something nice to smell and dig;
In stable and kitchen hunted she;
In slops outside she bathed with glee;
She rolled and wallowed in the dirt,
In filth she lay her length, inert;
Then, dirty as dirtiest pigs may look,
Her homeward way at last she took.

The Swineherd asked: 'What saw you there
In a rich man's home that seems so fair?

They say that pearls and diamonds bright
Are just a common, daily sight.
In those rooms, surely everything,
Chovronja, must be glistening?'

'What nonsense! Nothing of the sort!
There's only dirt and filth, in short.
I looked and looked, inside and out—
Just see the dirt that's on my snout!
The whole back-yard I dug, I'm sure,
And everything was mean and poor.'

Comparisons I would not draw—
But notice what Chovronja saw.
Should we not call that man a Pig
Who in the dirt prefers to dig
Who can see naught but mud and slime
In life, so wonderful, sublime?

John Daniel Logan

An original and scholarly literary figure. Born at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, May 2, 1869, eldest son of Charles and Elizabeth Gordon (Rankin) Logan. Educated at Pictou Academy, Dalhousie College, and Harvard University. Won several scholarships at Harvard and the degrees of A.M. and Ph. D. Was an interpretative literary critic of exceptional penetration and analytic power. Was Head of the English Department of Marquette University, Wisconsin, when he died, January 24, 1929. Author of numerous books and brochures of verse and prose, but the most important work left us by him is probably *Highways of Canadian Literature* (1924). Of this book several valuable chapters pertaining to our prose were contributed by Mr. Donald French. Every 'Highway' is treated with discernment and comprehension.

The Heavenly Runaway

Since Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And played on Nazareth's street,
All Tiny Towns are heaven-lit,
And magical and sweet.

The Babies born in Tiny Towns
Cherubic are and wise;
They do not really go to sleep
When they have shut their eyes;

But peep into the wonder-world
Where celestial cherubs be;
And hear Christ call them to His side,
And tell them, at His knee,

How once a Little Heavenly Boy
Stole from His Father's throne,
And toddled down the stars, and came
To Bethlehem alone;

And how, when Blessed Mary saw
The lonely Little Stranger,
She mothered Him at her warm breast,
And laid Him in a manger;

And how he grew, like other boys,
And went to school, and played,
And helped His mother with the chores,
And never disobeyed.

The cherubs listen, wondering
That such strange things could be;
Then cry: 'Dear Lord, please tell us who
That Lovely Child might be!'

Their wonderment grew greater still
Soon as they heard Christ say:
'I was God's Little Son,—and I
The Heavenly Runaway.'

Now this is why in Tiny Towns
All Babies feign to sleep;
They only shut their eyes that they
May into glory peep;

And this is why all Tiny Tots
Sleep peeping into glory:
They want to hear from Christ's own lips
The sweetest Baby Story.

Rainbow Row in Heaven

There's a very wise man—an astronomer—
Who delights to say: 'Let me tell you, kind sir,
Of the worlds I discovered, the unseen stars,
In the infinite leagues that lie beyond Mars.'

So I listen, entranced, till he has his say
About Luna and Mars and the Milky Way,
And the greater glories of still farther lands
That are found with telescopes made by hands.

All the while I have gleams—which I secretly keep—
Of a land into which no lenses may peep—
An invisible land that glistens more clear
Than the starriest rays from the starriest sphere.

And often in spirit to that land I wend,
To meet there with many a dear little friend;
And I find them, all radiant, as I should know,
In the corner of Heaven, called Rainbow Row.

Oh, how sweetly they smile, how clearly they raise
Their glad childish voices in holiest praise;
And the Christ beams His love; the Angels admire
The hozannas that ring from God's Rainbow Choir.

Many friends have I now who passed to Christ's side,
But I miss most the dear little friends who died;
Yet often we'll meet when in spirit I go
To the corner of Heaven, called Rainbow Row.

Wilson MacDonald

This poet with the inspiring human touch, and the imagination that is genius, was born at Cheapside, Ontario, May 5, 1880. His father was Alexander MacDonald, a merchant and local Baptist preacher; and his mother a daughter of the Rev. William Pugsley. Educated in Public Schools, and at Woodstock College and McMaster University. His first printed poem appeared in 1898 in the Toronto *Globe*. Since then he has had verse appear in leading English and American magazines, and has published three books of poetry of unusual merit. His *Miracle Songs of Jesus*, issued first in 1921, is probably the greatest of recent religious poems. MacDonald has lived in Toronto since 1915. He is unmarried. His life is devoted to his art.

Whist-A-Wee!

'Whist-a-wee!'
Little brown Dee
Peers from her shelter
Of bush and of tree.
Her time she is biding
To leap from her hiding.
And she says unto me:
'Don't look this way, big man, or they'll see
You are looking at me:
Please, please look out at the sea;
Whist-a-wee!'

And I walked up the sands,
And three little rebels took hold of my hands;
And they said: 'Do you know
Where a little brown maid,
In a little brown plaid,
Did go?'
And I lied and said: 'No'.
And they scampered away
Like young squirrels at play;

And looked all over and under the rocks
For a glimpse of brown frocks.
And I heard a quick cry
From the shade of the tree
Saying to me—
Yes, saying to me:
'You're a dear, you're a dear.'
And I said 'Whist-a-wee;
The rebels are all returning for thee.'
And she hugged to the tree.

'Whist-a-wee', just two little words:
But I heard them to-day in the song of the birds
And the waters all sang as I walked by the sea:
'Whist-a-wee, whist-a-wee.'
And I looked behind bush and I looked behind tree;
And the birds still were there and the bush song bee.
But little brown Dee,
With her solemn 'Whist-a-wee,'
Spake not unto me.

And over the hills I went,
And a gentle mound
I found,
Lying like some fairy's lost pillow upon the ground.
And I knelt on my knee
And wrote on the sand,
With a sorrowing hand:
'Little brown Dee
Sleeps here by the sea:
All ye who pass
Whist-a-wee!'

Ylette and Yvonne

Ylette was born the same day as Yvonne;
And one is with us still and one is gone—
And which one was the lovelier none could say,
For each was lovely in her own sweet way.
And some would say Yvonne was fair and yet
Less lovely than Ylette.
And some would say Ylette was fair but shone
Less clearly in her beauty than Yvonne.

My garden was the place
That seemed to suit their grace;
And, if my bushes missed a rose, I knew
Two roses less
Would there unfold their flaming loveliness—
For it was true
What one would do the other maid would do.
And both at work and play
What one would say the other maid would say:
And no one ever saw them walk apart,
For each was keeper of the other's heart.

Along the sands I've traced their footsteps four
Like dimples on the shore,
And found each youthful gypsy with her hand
Plunged in a well of sand,
And watched them dig with ardour that they might
Free some imprisoned lover from his plight;
For every hidden place where they would look
Was filled with faces from some fairy-book.

And so the saying grew:
'What one will do the other maid will do'.
And it was sweet to see
The kinship of their movement's artistry,
And, in this age when comradeship is rare,
To hear their steps go rhyming up the stair.

One day Yvonne brushed down
A treasured plant for which I knew renown,

And in the sudden moment of my wrath
I drove her from my path.
And as she went with eyes and spirit wet
I saw the dear Ylette
Run to her side and weep as though her heart
Had all been torn apart:
And then I learned the hasty words I'd sown
Had hurt two buds far lovelier than my own.

But God, who knew this saying to be true.
'What one will do the other maid will do,'
Foresaw that hour and its attendant pain
When both should love and one should love in vain—
And, fearing for the sorrow of that day,
He took Yvonne away.

To-night there was a storm,
But, snug and warm,
In folds of down was wrapped Ylette's fair form
And as she slept
Her mother crept
And kissed her lips and eyes and hair, and wept,
And, in her sleep, the child
Reached out her arms and smiled.

'What one will do the other maid will do':
And it was true
Yvonne reached out her arms in Heaven too,
And hearing, in the depths below, those kisses,
Knew there are earthly joys an angel misses.

M'sieu

The Ottawa is a dark stream;
  The Ottawa is deep.
Great hills along the Ottawa
  Are wrapped in endless sleep.

And, where the purple waters turn
To seek the valiant north,
At Mattawa I found a road
And on it wandered forth.

The road was made for free men
And fenced alone with wood;
And every blossom at its edge
Declared that life was good.
It wound in love about the rocks
And 'round and 'round the trees;
It went asearch for loveliness,
A vagrant with the breeze.

A mile away from Mattawa
The road breaks in a clearing;
And near by it a whitewashed hut
And fields in gold appearing.
And from this place came out a maid—
A winsome maid of ten—
And I have never hope to see
A fairer child again.

She came along the roadway
In that fair summer hour,
And softer grew the pine-songs
And fairer bloomed each flower.
And when she passed she raised her eyes,
As bluebells do at dawn,
And cried, 'M'sieu', and curtsied low,
And then went swiftly on.

My heart, that leaps not lightly now,
Thrilled wildly at the word:
A poem with a lovelier sound
I never yet had heard.

I would have clasped her to my heart—
This little woodland belle—
But all I did was blush a bit
And stammer 'Mademoiselle'.

When I went back to Mattawa
And thence to Montreal,
I heard, on every wandering wind,
That little maiden's call.
And when the empty words of men
Leave faith a thing forlorn,
I'll think of Mademoiselle's 'M'sieu'
And that fair summer morn.

The Ottawa is a dark stream;
The Ottawa is deep.
Great hills along the Ottawa
Are wrapped in endless sleep.
And when the purple days return,
Go, all ye weary, north,
And find the road to Mattawa
And on it wander forth.

Tom MacInnes

One of Canada's most original poets. First attracted attention by *Lonesome Bar and Other Poems* (1909). 'Lonesome Bar', a lengthy poem, gives a thrilling description of tragic life in the Yukon. Three other volumes followed, before his *Complete Poems* was published in 1923. Born at Dresden, Kent County, Ontario, October 29, 1867. Of Scotch and Spanish descent, son of the Hon. Thomas Robert McInnes, Senator of Canada, and later Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Tom's full Christian name, is Thomas Robert Edward. The 'Mc' he changed a few years ago to the original 'Mac'. His younger brother, Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, is an Ex-M.P., and an Ex-Governor of the Yukon. His son Loftus, also a poet, is in the Civil Service at

Ottawa, and is the husband of Natalie, only daughter of Archibald Lampman.

Lone Wolf Lament

Drink if you will to happy days
And things to be—but say,
Where are the fellows I used to know?
Where are my friends to-day?

Wow! Hear me howl!
For Shad and Pete and George and Jack
Who took the long trail and left no track:
O, never a one of them all comes back,
And the winter-time is here!
Wow! Hear me howl!
For Olive and June and white Irene,
And the Mexican Kid and little Corinne:
Daughters of joy who have not been seen
This many and many a year!
I'm a lone old wolf, and I've lost my pack,
And the winter-time is here!
Wow! Hear me howl!

Many are gay and many are fair,
And some still come at my call:
But I've gone lame, and can run no more,
So what's the use of it all?

I dreamed last night I ran with them
Under a gold-red sky,
Where the mountains rose from the green prairie—
And I woke and wisht to die.

Drink if you will, and drink on me!
But this is the toast I give:
Live hard with your pack and live yourselves out—
Then ask no more to live.

Wow! Hear me howl!
For Shad and Pete and George and Jack
Who took the long trail and left no track:
O, never a one of them all comes back,
And the winter-time is here!
Wow! Hear me howl!
For Olive and June and white Irene,
And the Mexican Kid and little Corinne:
Daughters of joy who have not been seen
This many and many a year!
I'm a lone old wolf and I've lost my pack,
And the winter-time is here!
Wow! Hear me howl!

The Way of Beauty

Who brings a thought of self to Beauty's shrine,
Or jealous envy, by so much the less
Shall feel within his soul her deep impress—
Shall thrill at quaffing of her mystic wine.
For beauty hath no care for thine or mine,
But wasteth wide in wanton loveliness;
And only thus, in self-forgetfulness,
Shall any share with her the life divine.

O happy he whose heart doth full respond
To wandering Beauty's spell—wherever wrought!
He hath a pleasure finer than all thought
That instant as the touch of fairy wand
Makes rich the World for him, whate'er his lot,—
E'en tho' perchance a homeless vagabond.

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

This talented poet, playwright and novelist was born in Woodstock, Ontario, November 25, 1875. Her father was Donald McLeod MacPherson, a Scotsman, and her mother, Priscilla Ecclestone, a native of England. Isabel was educated in the local Public and High Schools. In her twentieth year she married Mr. P. J. Mackay, Court Stenographer. Before her fatal illness, Mrs. Mackay had published three books of poems, several plays and five novels. Since, *The Shining Ship* (enlarged and with new illustrations) has been reprinted. Its verse, for young children, is rarely equalled. *Blencarrow*, her latest novel, presents life in an Ontario town, with vividness and humour and with excellent literary style . . . Died, August 15, 1928, in Vancouver, B.C., where her husband and daughters still live.

The Wonderful Fishing of Peterkin Spray

A Fisherman bold was Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away.
And when he got there, he embarked once more
Down the path that leads to the Sun's back door.
'Ho, Ho,' said the Sun, 'here is Fisherman Spray,
But the cook doesn't need any salmon to-day.'

'Too bad, Mr. Sun,' said Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
But the wind was so light that 'twas half past eight
When he called his wares at the Moon-man's gate.
'Fresh fish!' he cried, but the Moon-man said,
'I never eat fish when I'm going to bed.'

'What a fussy old Moon!' sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
And when he got there, he exclaimed 'My Stars!
I had almost forgotten to call on Mars.'
Fine fish,' cried Mars and he smacked his lips,
'Charge a dozen or so to my next eclipse!'

'O dear, O dear!' sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away,
And when he got there, he declared, 'I wish
I never, never had learned to fish.
For some won't buy and others won't pay,
And I'm tired, and tired of sailing away!'
'I know what I'll do!' said Peterkin Spray,
And he turned his boat down the Milky Way.
He opened the Dipper (yes, honest, he did!)
He popped in his cargo, and slapped down the lid.
'Here's a kettle of fish!' laughed Peterkin Spray.
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away.

A Very Exceptional Eskimo

Shall I tell you a few of the things I know
Of a very exceptional Eskimo?
The tale I shall ask you to take on trust,
For strange things happen and always must,
And some of the strangest ever known
Occur far up in the Arctic Zone.

In the Arctic Zone by the Great North Pole
This Eskimo lives in a scooped-out hole
In a great snow-bank that is mountain-high—
If you reached the top you could touch the sky!—
But his clothes he views with a greater pride,
They are all white fur, with the fur inside.

When he wishes his friends to come to dine
He calls them up on the Polar Line
To say, 'Please come at the hour of two
And partake of a dish of sealskin stew,
With codfish oil and a water-ice
And a blubber-pudding that's very nice.'

When he goes to ride, he starts his sleigh
And never stops for a whole long day—
Lickety-whiz-z-z! Down a slope of white!
And a reindeer carries him back at night,
While the polar bears from his path he warns
By blowing one of the reindeer's horns!

When he goes to bed it is not enough
To hide his nose in a bearskin muff,
But his ears he wraps, if it's very cold,
In a feather-bed, and I have been told
That he toasts his head—for it really seems,
If he didn't, the cold might freeze his dreams!

The Wish

A Leprecaun-fairy was pegging some shoes,
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
With long curly toes, like the court fairies use,
All red like the sumach, in pairs made of twos—
'For fear they'd be lonely,' said he.

'O shoemaker green, I have spied on you thrice!
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
I have called your name once, I have called your name twice,
And now, Mister Leprecaun, pay me my price!'
'Ah, sure, if ye wish it,' said he.

'One wish ye may have for the sight of your eyes,
(And only one, mind ye,' said he.)
'So take your time now, that the wish may be wise,
For a wish comin' true is a bit of surprise!'
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)

'And what if I wish for a big, golden ball?
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
And what if I wish for the blue sky to fall?
And what if I wish for the great world-and-all?'—
'Just be pleasin' your fancy!' said he.

'But, Leprecaun, dear, tell me what would you do?
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
For how can I know if the sky is real blue?
Is the world-and-all heavy? I'll leave it to you'—
"Tis a bit of a handful!' said he.

'And how if you wanted a million of things?
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
If you longed for the rainbow and wished you had wings,
And a gown of pink velvet and toffy in strings?'
'Sure, I think I'd go crazy!' said he.

"Tis plain ye can't choose,' said the Leprecaun green,
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
'So, since I've no time for a shiftless colleen,
Sure, I'll give ye these shoes with a wish in between—
Ye'll find it there—maybe!' said he.

Ochone, and Ochone! He was up and away!
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
And red as the sumach the fairy shoes lay
With the wish in between—and one fortunate day,
"Tis the one wish I wanted!' said she.

Archibald MacMechan

Since 1889, Dr. MacMechan has been George Munro Professor of English language and Literature in Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Born in Berlin (Kitchener), Ontario, June 21, 1862, eldest son of Rev. John MacMechan and Mary Jean, daughter of Hon. Archibald M'Kellar. Educated at Hamilton Collegiate, University of Toronto (honour graduate in Modern Languages, 1884) and at John Hopkins University (Ph. D., 1889). Married in 1889 Miss Edith May Cowan of Gananoque, Ontario. Has written and edited numerous volumes, and has long been literary critic for *The Standard,* Montreal. Dr. MacMechan has a lucid and charming prose style, and is one of the best of Canadian essayists. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Toronto.

The Ballad of 'La Tribune'

As long as men for fellow men face death and falter not,
As long as daring deeds are kept in memory unforgot,
As long as corpses on the shore by any sea are strewn,
Shall be told the wreck and rescue of the frigate La Tribune.

'Twas seventeen ninety-seven, and November twenty-third,
When *La Tribune* with all sail set, as straight as flies the bird,
Sped swift to port in Halifax. The wind blew fair from south,
And no one thought of danger, as she neared the harbour-mouth.

It was the master's greed and pride that cast the ship
away;
He would not take a pilot on: he wanted pilot's pay;
He boasted he could bring her into harbour safe and
sound,
And on the outer Thrum Cap shoals he ran her hard
aground.

Save one for signals, all her guns were lightened in the
sea,
And made a reef of iron, on the granite, on her lee.
'Twas useless; they must wait the tide. And all that
afternoon,
The minute-gun spoke grimly the distress of La Tribune.

They wait as, with the rising gale, the flood tide faster
runs,
And the good ship rolls and breaks her bones on her own
tumbled guns.
Still no one dreams, as swiftly fades the winter's day in
night,
Not ten of all her hardy crew shall see to-morrow's light.

At last she floated with the tide, and in the dark she drove,
A swaling hulk, before the storm, away to Herring Cove;
And when the dragging anchor held, and hope revived
again,
She sank, and carried down with her well-nigh three
hundred men.

Some fifty reached the rigging, and by the watchfire's
blaze,
All night the men of Herring Cove stood helplessly to
gaze
At clinging wretches torn away from their frail hold to
die,
Till only eight were left to see the bitter morning sky.

"WITH EVERY SINEW STARTING HE SLOWLY FIGHTS HIS WAY"
(From "The Ballad of 'La Tribune'" by Archibald MacMechan.)

They did not venture out at night, nor yet at dawning
day;
They said thro' such a welter never boat could make her
way.
And none were found so hardy to affront those breakers
wild,
Till the men were shamed to action by the daring of a
child.

An alien fisher 'prentice, he would not stand idly by
While life and strength were in him, and watch those
sailors die.
He told to none his purpose, no one guessed what it
might be,
Till they saw him rowing down the Cove towards the
open sea.

With every sinew starting he slowly fights his way
To where the masts stand quivering against the yeasty
spray.
In the drenched rigging where they cling, there were but
two alone
Able to stir; the rest hung numb and sodden to the bone.

And in their hour of rescue, the twain their lives forego.
And lower two senseless comrades to the rocking ark
below;
They stay behind and watch the overladen boat to shore,
Where the boy lands his precious freight, and seaward
turns once more.

A second time he starts alone in rescue to the wreck,
But his boyish strength is broken and the billows sweep
him back.
But he has not spent himself in vain, at length a boat is
manned;
And soon the last faint sailor is safe upon the land.

Twelve fathom deep by Herring Cove that frigate's
timbers lie,
To foul the careless inshore nets, as they go drifting by;
And to this day men tell the tale, and name the Tribune
Shoal,
But no one knows the name or fate of that young hero
soul.

Charles Mair

The first native Canadian poet who could, without undue praise, be called great. His *Dreamland and Other Poems* was printed in 1868, and its author recognized as a poet of genuine power. Has long been acknowledged as the first of 'Canada's Distinguished Group of Nature Poets.' His famous drama, *Tecumseh,* was issued in February, 1886. Outstanding critics gave it lengthy reviews, acclaiming it as a masterpiece. In 1927, a complete edition of Mair's poetry and prose was published . . . Born in Lanark, Ontario, September 21, 1838, of Scottish parents. Educated at the Perth Grammar School, and at Queen's University. Lived most of his life in the Western Provinces. Died in Victoria, B.C., July 7, 1927. Survived by sons and daughters.

The Fire-Flies

(*Extract*)

I see them glimmer where the waters lag
By winding bays, and the willows sing;
And, far away, where stands the forest dim,
Huge-built of old, their tremulous lights are seen.
High overhead they gleam like trailing stars,
Then sink adown, until their emerald sheen
Dies in the darkness like an evening hymn—
Anon to float again in glorious bars
Of streaming rapture, such as man may hear
When the soul casts its slough of mortal fear.
And now they make rich spangles in the grass,

Gilding the night-dew on the tender blade;
Then hover o'er the meadow-pools to gaze
At their bright form shrined in the dreamy glass
Which earth, and air, and bounteous rain have made.
One moment, and the thicket is ablaze
With twinkling lamps which swing from bough to bough:
Another, and like sylphids they descend
To cheer the brook-side where the bell-flow'rs grow.
Near and more near they softly come, until
Their little life is busy at my feet;
They glow around me, and my fancies blend
Capriciously with their delight, and fill
My wakeful bosom with unwonted heat.
One lights upon my hand, and there I clutch
With an alarming finger its quick wing:
Erstwhile so free, it pants the tender thing,
And dreads its captor and his handsel touch.

A Ballad for Brave Women

A story worth telling our annals afford,
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord!
Her poor crippled spouse hobbled home with the news,
That Bœrstler was nigh! 'Not a minute to lose,
Not an instant,' said Laura, 'for stoppage or pause—
I must hurry and warn our brave troops at Decaw's.'
'What! you!' said her husband, 'to famish and tire!'
'Yes, me!' said brave Laura, her bosom on fire.
'And how will you pass the gruff sentry,' said he,
'Who is posted so near us?'
'Just wait till you see!
The foe is approaching, and means to surprise
Our troops, as you tell me. Oh, husband, there flies
No dove with a message so needful as this—
I'll take it, I'll bear it. Good-bye!' with a kiss.

Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

'Twas the bright blush of dawn, when the stars melt
from sight,
Dissolved by its breath like a dream of the night;
When Heaven seems opening on man and his pain,
Ere the rude day strengthens and shuts it again.
But Laura had eyes for her duty alone—
She marked not the glow and the gloom that were
thrown
By the nurslings of morn, by the cloud-lands at rest,
By the spells of the East, and the weirds of the West.
Behind was the foe, full of craft and of guile;
Before her a long day of travel and toil.
'No time this for gazing,' said Laura, as near
To the sentry she drew—
'Halt! You cannot pass here!'
'I cannot pass here! Why, sirrah, you drowse!
Are you blind? Don't you see I am off to my cows?'
'Well, well, you can go' So she wended her way
To the pasture's lone side, where the farthest cow lay,
Got her up, caught a teat, and, with pail at her knees,
Made her budge, inch by inch, till she drew by degrees
To the edge of the forest: 'I've hoaxed, on my word,
Both you and the sentry,' said Laura Secord.

With a lingering look at her home, then away
She sped through the wild-wood—a wilderness gray—
Nature's privacy, haunt of a virgin sublime,
And the mother who bore her, as ancient as Time;
Where the linden had space for its fans and its flowers,
The balsam its tents, and the cedar its bowers;
Where the lord of the forest, the oak, had its realm,
The ash its domain, and its kingdom the elm;

Where the pine bowed its antlers in tempests, and gave
To the ocean of leaves the wild dash of the wave;
And the mystical hemlock—the forest's high-priest—
Hung its weird, raking top-gallant branch to the east.

And denser and deeper the solitude grew;
The underwood thickened and drenched her with dew.
She tript over moss-covered logs, fell, arose,
Sped and stumbled again by the hour, till her clothes
Were rent by the branches and thorns, and her feet
Grew tender and way-worn and blistered with heat.
And on, ever on, through the forest she passed,
Her soul in her task, but each pulse beating fast;
For shadowy forms seemed to flit through the glades,
And beckon her into their limitless shades;
And mystical sounds—in the forest alone,
Ah, who has not heard them?—the voices! the moan
Or the sigh of mute nature which sinks on the ear,
And fills us with sadness, or thrills us with fear?
And who, lone and lost in the wilderness deep,
Has not felt the strange fancies, the tremors which creep
And assemble within, till the heart 'gins to fail,
The courage to flinch, and the cheek to grow pale,
Midst the shadows which mantle the Spirit that broods
In the sombre, the deep-haunted, heart of the woods?

She stopt—it was noonday. The wilds she espied
Seemed solitudes measureless. 'Help me!' she cried;
Her piteous lips parched with thirst, and her eyes
Strained with gazing. The sun in his infinite skies
Looked down on no creature more hapless than she,
For woman is woman where'er she may be.
For a moment she faltered, then came to her side
The heroine's spirit—the Angel of Pride.
One moment she faltered. Beware! What is this?
The coil of the serpent! the rattlesnake's hiss!

One moment, then onward. What sounds far and near?
The howl of the wolf! yet she turned not in fear,
Nor bent from her course, till her eye caught a gleam,
From the woods, of a meadow through which flowed a stream,
Pure and sweet with the savour of leaf and of flower,
By the night-dew distilled and the soft forest shower;
Pure and cold as its spring in the rock crystalline,
Whence it gurgled and gushed 'twixt the roots of the pine.

And blest above bliss is the pleasure of thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; for pleasure is nursed
In the cradle of pain, and twin marvels are they
Whose interdependence is born with our clay.
Yes, blessed is water, and blessed is thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; but this is the worst
Of this life, that we reck not the blessings God sends,
Till denied them. But Laura, who felt she had friends
In Heaven, as well as on earth, knew to thank
The Giver of all things, and gratefully drank.
Once more on the pathway, through swamp and through mire,
Through covert and thicket, through bramble and brier,
She toiled to the highway, then over the hill,
And down the deep valley, and past the new mill,
And through the next woods, till, at sunset, she came
To the first British picket, and murmured her name;
Thence, guarded by Indians, footsore and pale,
She was led to FitzGibbon, and told him her tale.

For a moment her reason forsook her; she raved,
She laughed, and she cried—'They are saved! they are saved!'
Then her senses returned, and, with thanks loud and deep
Sounding sweetly around her, she sank into sleep.

And Bœrstler came up; but his movements were known,
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown,
By a woman's devotion—on stone be't engraved!—
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

Ah! faithful to death were our women of yore.
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of no more?
No, no! Though this laurelled one sleeps in the grave,
We have maidens as true, we have matrons as brave;
And should Canada ever be forced to the test—
To spend for our country the blood of her best—
When her sons lift the linstock and brandish the sword
Her daughters will think of brave Laura Secord.

Peter McArthur

A much admired journalist and author. Greater in prose than in poetry. but nevertheless a writer of good verse. Born at Ekfrid, Middlesex county, Ontario, March 10, 1866. His parents were natives of Scotland: Peter and Catherine (McLennan) McArthur. He was a student in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute, and later in University College, Toronto. In 1889, he began his career in journalism by joining the staff of the Toronto *Mail*. In subsequent years he contributed articles to a dozen or more of the most important magazines and journals in Canada, United States and England. In 1908, Peter McArthur returned to the homestead farm at Ekfrid, and for years contributed 'syndicate' articles humorous and wise to the *Globe*, Toronto, and other Canadian journals. *In Pastures Green* is one of the most popular of his books.

Corn Planting

The earth is awake and the birds have come,
  There is life in the beat of the breeze,
And the basswood tops are alive with the hum
  And the flash of the hungry bees;

The frogs in the swale in concert croak,
And the glow of the spring is here,
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

From the ridge-pole dry the corn we pluck,
Ears ripe and yellow and sound,
That were saved apart with the red for luck,
The best that the huskers found;
We will shell them now, for the Indian folk
Say, 'Plant your corn without fear
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.'

No crow will pull and no frost will blight,
Nor grub cut the tender sprout,
No rust will burn and no leaves turn white,
But the stalks will be tall and stout;
And never a weed will have power to choke,
Or blasting wind to sear,
The corn that we plant when the leaves of the oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

Sugar Weather

When snowballs on the horses' hoofs
And the wind from the south blows warm,
When the cattle stand where the sunbeams beat
And the noon has a dreamy charm,
When icicles crash from the dripping eaves
And the furrows peep black through the snow,
Then I hurry away to the sugar bush,
For the sap will run, I know.

With auger and axe and spile and trough
To each tree a visit I pay,
And every boy in the country-side
Is eager to help to-day.

We roll the backlogs into their place,
And the kettles between them swing,
Then gather the wood for the roaring fire
And the sap in pailfuls bring.

A fig for your arches and modern ways,
A fig for your sheet-iron pan,
I like a smoky old kettle best
And I stick to the good old plan;
We're going to make sugar and taffy to-night
On the swing pole under the tree,
And the girls and the boys for miles around
Are all sworn friends to me.

The hens are cackling again in the barn
And the cattle beginning to bawl,
And neighbours, who long have been acting cool,
Now make a forgiving call;
For there's no love-feast like a taffy-pull,
With its hearty and sticky fun,
And I know the whole world is at peace with me,
For the sap has commenced to run.

Alma Frances McCollum

This lovely girl poet had a personal charm, seldom met, and the shock of her premature death, March 21, 1906, the result of an operation, is still felt by her friends. Elsewhere I have written, "To see and hear her recite her own poems was a pleasure never to be forgotten: her lovely, expressive face, her patrician voice and manners, made up an indescribable charm of personality." She was born December 7, 1879, near the town of Chatham, Ontario, of Irish parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lee McCollum. For years the mother and three daughters lived in the town of Peterborough, and in 1905, moved to Tor-

onto. Miss Alma's *Flower Legends and Other Poems* was published in 1902.

Legend of the Valley Lilies

Pearly bells, pearly bells, tinkle a melody,
Tell to the moonbeams, as pure as yourselves;
Murmur it merrily, tell of the revelry,
Sing of the days of the fairies and elves.

Someone has told me that this is the song you sing,
Whispered so softly that wind-sighs seem loud,—
There is a valley, all quiet and beautiful,
Hidden from earth cares, where fairy folk crowd.

There, when the moon is round, all the gay dancers are;
Each tripping fairy has bells wrought in pearl;
Golden the tiny tongues, making soft melody,
Tossed by the dainty hands' swift twist and twirl.

After the merriment, all the gay revellers
Sit to a feast of white honey and dew;
Once while they lingered there swiftly the Dawn arose,
Startling the dancers, who far away flew.

Bells of pearl, bells of pearl, all were forgotten quite;
Scattered they lay where they fell from each hand;
Then the sun, kissing them, changed them to flower-bells,
Strung them on grass-blades, and bade them to stand.

Silent the golden tongues; no more the music rang,
Till a soft perfume, as sweet as the sound,
Stole forth at even-tide, when 'neath the silver moon
Lightly the fairies came tripping around.

Quick as a twinkling wink all the wee merry folk
Drew off their mantles of shimmering green;
Folded them closely around the sweet pearly bells
Hid them so snugly they scarce could be seen.

Still you can find them tucked safe in the sheeny folds,
Sheltered and hidden from sunbeams' strong light;
Often the same tinkling fairy tunes ring again,
When the sweet south wind fans softly at night.

Listen in silence lone,—if the long day has passed,
Leaving your heart without sin-stain of wrong,—
Chiming distinctly in low tinkling melody,
You will hear clearly the pearly bells' song.

Sweet Pea Blossoms

Pretty sweet pea blossoms,
Nodding in a row,
May I tell the story
How you came to grow?

In the long ago, dears,
You were quite unknown;
Never was your perfume
On the breezes blown.

But one day in Springtime
Many youthful Quakers,
At a quiet meeting,
Talked about their shakers.

One fair maid, Priscilla,
Who was rather vain,
Thought the snowy bonnets
Were a trifle plain.

Patience then suggested
That each shallow crown
Might be puffed up higher,
Like those worn in town.

Soon they had decided
That, from snowy white,
Each the hue would alter
To some colour bright.

Where they got the dye stuff
I can never think,
But soon all were flaming
Purple, blue and pink.

Gentle Prudence only
Wore the simple white;
She thought wearing colours
Could not be quite right.

But as she went with them
In their bright array,
Every one believed her
Just as bad as they.

When the Wind first saw them
All was calm and warm,
But the gay sight vexed him,
So he raised a storm.

Every shaker snatched he,
Far away he blew
Pretty pink and purple,
And the white one too.

Far and wide they scattered
O'er the country round,
And, a short time after,
Blossoms new were found;

Blossoms new and fragrant,
Colours all so bright;
Here and there a rare one,
Prudence like, in white.

When the Quaker maidens
Told their story o'er,
They were each forgiven,
And they sinned no more.

Patience and Priscilla,
And dear Prudence, too,
Soon were called the sweet P's,
They so gentle grew.

So the new-found flowers,
Then were called the same;
Thus I end the legend
As I tell their name.

You a lesson teach us,
Blossoms dear, we love,
For to earth you cling not,
But climb straight above.

L. M. Montgomery

One of the most popular of Canadian novelists, and a lyric singer of worth. Her first novel, *Anne of Green Gables,* was published in 1908, and soon the author was famous internationally. Numerous novels from her pen have since followed, and one book of lyrics. Lucy Maud Montgomery was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island, but spent her girlhood years at Cavendish in the same province. Her father was Hugh John Montgomery, son of Hon. Donald Montgomery (Senator), and her mother was a great grand-daughter of Hon. William Macneill (Speaker). Educated locally, at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and at Dalhousie University, Halifax. In 1911 Miss Montgomery married Rev. Ewan Macdonald, now Presbyterian minister at Norval, Ontario. They have two sons.

The Way to Slumber Town

If we could go to Slumber town within a new moon boat,
How splendid it would be across a magic sea to float,

With silver oar and mast of pearl and sail of red moon-
beams
Until we dropped our anchor in the Harbour of Fair
Dreams!

If we could fly to Slumber town upon a white moth's
back,
What fun 'twould be to follow on the whispering breezes
track
Away above the fleecy clouds and o'er the sunset bars
Until we lighted softly on the Land of Evening Stars!

But after all, the surest and the safest passage there
Is by the way of mother's arms and mother's rocking chair.
We pay a kiss for fare and then we shut our sleepy eyes
And drift before we know it to the Coast of Lullabies.

Canadian Twilight

A filmy western sky of smoky red,
Blossoming into stars above a sea
Of soft, mysterious dim silver spread
Beyond the long gray dunes' serenity,
Where the salt grasses and sea-poppies press
Together in a wild sweet loneliness.

Seven slim poplars on the windy hill
Talk some lost language of an elder day,
Taught by the Green Folk that inhabit still
The daisied field and secret friendly way,
Forever keeping in their solitudes
The magic ritual of our northern woods.

The darkness woos us like a perfumed flower
To reedy meadow pool and wise old trees,
To beds of spices in a garden bower
And the spruce valley's dear austerities;
I know their hue of dusk but evermore
I turn to the enchantment of the shore.

The idle ships dream-like at anchor ride
Besides the piers where wavelets lap and croon;
One ghostly sail slips outward with the tide
That swells to meet the pale imperial moon—
O fading ship, between the dark and light
I send my heart and hope with you to-night!

Oh, We will Walk with Spring To-day!

Oh, we will walk with Spring to-day
With fair and laughing Lady May,
In all sweet carelessness among
The gods who ruled when earth was young,
On secret trails of spell and rune
Where wondrous things might happen soon—
Some hidden pixy whisper low
A wise, lost word of Long Ago,
Or dimpled foot of dryad press
Her path of haunted loveliness!

Oh, we will walk and hear and see
Enchantment, magic, mystery,
Some hilly field of sun and grass
Where tantalizing shadows pass,
Some lonely tree in cobweb bloom
Woven upon no earthly loom,
Some gay, unconquered brook that sings
Legends of old, forgotten springs,
Some necromantic pines that teach
The lore of a diviner speech!

Oh, we will walk with Spring to-day
Along a second blossom way,
In friendly, mossy hollows sip
A sacramental fellowship,
And tryst with winds that seem in truth
To blow from out the Land of Youth!
Oh, we will be as glad as song
And happy as our quest is long,
With hearts that laugh because in spring
One can believe in anything!

Robert Norwood

This brilliant son of Canada, now Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York, was born at New Ross, Nova Scotia, March 27, 1874. His father was the Rev. Joseph W. Norwood (Anglican). Graduated in Arts at King's College, Windsor, N.S., in 1897. Ordained priest in 1898. Married Ethel, a daughter of George McKeen, M.D., in 1899, and has two daughters, and a son (deceased). Dr. Norwood is a thoughtful and eloquent preacher, and an author of scholarly attainment and distinctive talent. He has published seven books of verse of which the first, *His Lady of the Sonnets* (1913), is a sonnet sequence. His two poetic dramas, *The Witch of Endor* and *The Man of Kerioth* are original and beautiful. Of his admirable prose works (religious) *The Man Who Dared To Be God* is the most notable.

A *New Song*

The world waits for a new song,
A glad song, a true song—
A song without the semblance of a tear;
Full of hilltops and the heather
On a day of summer weather,
And a comrade who is infinitely near.

The world waits for a joy-song,
A girl-song, a boy-song—
A song that arrows upward like a lark
Through a sky of rain and thunder,
Till the earth is filled with wonder,
And a sword of sunrise drives away the dark.

Oh, come and sing a day-song,
A hill-song, a way-song—
A song to heal the halt and blind and dumb;
Till they rise to follow after
The wild music of our laughter,
And their glad feet make the murmur of a drum!

Sing a song of swimming,
On a summer noon,
Diving down the deep pool
Like a startled loon;
When the shadows lengthen,
He will try for trout!
Know you of a nicer thing
For him to be about?

Sing a song of willows
Back of Taylor's barn,
Where the creepers tangle
Like a lot of yarn;
Watch him make a whistle
From a yellow branch!
Was it skill he slipped the bark,
Or was it merely chance?

Sing a song of cat-tails
High above the beach,
Where the frightened sea-gulls
Rise up with a screech;
Watch the ocean-hollows
Lift along the shore
To the skirl of cobblestones,
And be a boy once more.

Sing a song of apples
Red among the grass,
Near enough to touch them
Slyly as you pass—
Is it wrong to take one
On the way to school?
Oh, the fun of feeling for
The windfalls wet and cool!

Sing a song of haymows
On a day of rain,
When the smell of clover
Mingles with the grain:
Doll and Dot and Dainty
Stamp within their stalls
Oh, it's fun to do the chores
In daddy's overalls!

A *Ballad of Trees*

I went riding through the rain
Down the wet rails on a train;
And upon the misted pane
Moving pictures of the trees—
Films of fancy, leafless trees,
Miracles and mysteries—
Grew, as I rode through the rain.

Past the pools and twisted streams—
Blurs and blotches, tangled gleams—
I went riding, till my dreams
Grew to great realities;
And a miracle of trees
Happened in the harmonies
Of the rising wind and rain.

Then I knew that, long ago,
Ere this earth was white with woe,
God the Father loved it so
That He asked the merriest
Of His angels, and the best,
To go down to earth as trees,
Lest it lose His harmonies.

So they circled down the sky
To be trees, that you and I,
When we want to weep and cry,
Might know laughter such as they
Who in tall trees laugh and play;
Lest we lose, through grief and pain,
Soul to sing against the rain.

The Secret

I have a secret I would tell
Only to those who harken well;
So listen, if you want my word
Of that which I have lately heard:

Last night I stood beneath the sky
And marvelled that it was so high;
That Sirius and the Northern Crown
Move there, yet do not tumble down.

This morning I rose out of bed,
So early that the sun was red
And like a ball above the hill;
I wondered then, and wonder still,

'What if he lost his way and ran
Pell-mell upon Aldebaran?
How is it there are never jars
To spoil the friendship of the stars?'

So, musing on these many things,
I heard a tumult as of wings;
And looking up, I saw a face
Of an eternal, tender grace.

I knelt in meekness on the floor,
I knelt in meekness to adore;
And then the angel laughed and said,
'Brother o' mine, lift up your head,
Be not afraid to meet my gaze;
Only on earth are there lost ways.'

Thomas O'Hagan

This well-known littérateur was born of Irish parents in 'The Gore of Toronto', March 6, 1855; and when he was still but a babe, the family moved as pioneers to the township of Elderslie, Bruce County. In his youth he took active part in the pioneer life of the Settlement. But he was ambitious to become a scholar, and succeeded in winning a teacher's certificate in his 17th year. Later he attended St. Michael's College, Toronto, where he was a prize winner in Latin and English, and subsequently, Ottawa University. Graduated B.A. from the latter in 1882 (M.A. 1885), with honours in Latin, English, French and German. In 1914, Laval University conferred on him the honarary degree

of Litt. D. Apart from his verse Dr. O'Hagan is popular as essayist and lecturer.

The Idyl of the Farm

O there's joy in every sphere of life from cottage unto throne,
But the sweetest smiles of nature beam upon the farm alone;
And in memory I go back to the days of long ago,
When the teamster shouted 'Haw, Buck!' 'Gee!' 'G'lang!' and 'Whoa!'

I see out in the logging-field the heroes of our land,
With their strong and sturdy faces, each with handspike in his hand;
With shoulders strong as Hercules, they feared no giant foe,
As the teamster shouted 'Haw, Buck!' 'Gee!' 'G'lang!' and 'Whoa!'

The logging-bees are over, and the woodlands all are cleared,
The face that then was young and fair is silvered o'er with beard;
The handspike now holds not the place it did long years ago,
When the teamster shouted 'Haw, Buck!' 'Gee!' 'G'lang!' and 'Whoa!'

On the meadow land and orchard field there rests a glory 'round,
Sweet as the memory of the dead that haunts some holy ground;
And yet there's wanting to my heart some joy of long ago,
When the teamster shouted 'Haw, Buck!' 'Gee!' 'G'lang!' and 'Whoa!'

Demosthenes had silvery tongue, and Cicero knew
Greek,
The Gracchi brothers loved old Rome and always helped
the weak;
But there's not a Grecian hero, nor Roman high or low,
Whose heart spake braver patriot words than 'Gee!'
'G'lang!' and 'Whoa!'

They wore no coat of armour, the boys in twilight
days—
They sang no classic music, but the old 'Come all ye'
lays;
For armed with axe and handspike, each giant tree their
foe,
They rallied to the battle-cry of 'Gee!' 'G'lang!' and
'Whoa!'

And so they smote the forest down, and rolled the logs
in heaps,
And brought our country to the front in mighty strides
and leaps;
And left upon the altar of each home wherein you go,
Some fragrance of the flowers that bloom through 'Gee!'
'G'lang!' and 'Whoa!'

The Old Brindle Cow

Of all old memories that cluster round my heart
With their root in my boyhood days,
The quaintest is linked to the old brindle cow
With sly and mysterious ways.
She'd linger round the lot near the old potato patch,
A sentinel by night and by day,
Watching for the hour when all eyes were asleep,
To start on her predatory way.

The old brush fence she would scorn in her course,
With turnips and cabbage just beyond,
And corn that was blooming through the halo of the night—
What a banquet so choice and so fond!
But when the stars of morn were paling in the sky
The old brindle cow would take the cue,
And dressing up her line she'd retreat beyond the fence,
For the old cow knew just what to do.

What breed did you say? Why the very best blood
That could flow in a democratic cow;
No herd-book could tell of the glory in her horns
Or whence came her pedigree or how:
She was Jersey in her milk and Durham in her build,
And Ayrshire when she happened in a row,
But when it came to storming the old "slash" fence
She was simply the old brindle cow.

It seems but a day since I drove her to the gate
To yield up her rich and creamy prize;
For her theft at midnight hour she would yield a double dower,
With peace of conscience lurking in her eyes.
But she's gone—disappeared with the ripened years of time,
Whose memories my heart enthrall e'en now;
And I never hear a bell tinkling through the forest dell
But I think of that old brindle cow.

A Song of Canadian Rivers

Flow on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
In your beauteous course to the sea!
Sweep on, noble rivers! Sweep on, sweep on,
Bright emblems of true liberty!

Roll noiselessly on a tide of bright song,
Roll happily, grandly and free;
Sweep over each plain in silv'ry-tongued strain,
Sweep down to the deep sounding sea!

Flow on, noble riveres! Flow on, flow on,
Flow swiftly and smoothly and free!
Chant loudly and grand the notes of our land—
Fair Canada's true minstrelsy.
Toll joyously on, sweep proudly along,
In mirthfulest accents of glee!
Flow on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

Flow on, sweep on, sweep on, flow on,
In a measureless, mystical key!
Each note that you wake on streamlet and lake
Will blend with the song of the sea.
Through labyrinth-clad dell, in dreamy-like spell,
Where slumbers each sentinel tree,
Flow on, noble rivers! Flow on, flow on,
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

Marian Osborne

Wife of Col. Henry C. Osborne, M.A., C.M.G., prominent Canadian military officer, Ottawa. Related to the famous Osler family of Canada, through her mother who was a niece of Rev. Featherston Osler, M.A. Marian Francis was born in Montreal, P.Q., and was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent there; later in London, Ontario, at Hellmuth College, and at Trinity College, Toronto. Mrs. Osborne's first book of verse was published in 1914. Three additional books followed. Her poetry in general is characterized by thoughtful reflection and deep feeling and has much beauty of phrase and form. But the verse in *Flight Commander Stork* is for children, and has a special charm for

them. Mrs. Osborne has also written comedies, ballets and scenarios. Five of her lyrics have been set to music.

Flight Commander Stork

An Aeroplane came whirring through the sky
And by and by
It turned six somersaults,
Then looped the loop
All in one swoop,
And like a heron flying by a stream,
Or some bird in a dream,
It landed near me in the waving grass,—
This Really Came To Pass.

Now, Mister Mole, who lives far under ground
Heard the strange sound,
And running round his passages below
Quick, to and fro,
He reached at length the field.
There in the light
Was an amazing sight,
For Mister Stork stepped forth, dressed green and gold,
He was the Pilot Bold.

'Oh dear! Oh my!' said little Mister Mole,
'God bless my soul!'
The Stork just smiled a most superior smile
And talked awhile,
Suggesting Mister Mole should fly with him,
Saying, 'It is my whim
To take you up and show you wondrous things,
Just as though you had wings.'

Poor little Moley shook with abject fear,
It seemed so queer;
But Pilot Stork cried, 'Mole, my will is law.'
And with one claw

He lifted in the Mole without ado
And the next thing I knew
The engines were turned on, Mole gave one cry,
'Jack Robinson! Good-bye!'

And then the Plane went skimming through the air,
Till every hair
On Mister Mole stood up on end with fright.
Stork called, 'Hold tight'.
And Up and Up, till Moley's blind black eyes
Grew quite round with surprise;
'Dear Stork,' he cried, 'When Will This Aeroplane
Return To Earth Again?'

I watched for it in sunshine,
I watched for it in rain,
In vain, in vain,
For *nevermore* that Aeroplane
Will come to Earth Again.

King of the Goblins

It was the King of the Goblin crew
Who paid a visit to me,
He was so fat that you hardly knew
The place where his waist ought to be.
And he laughed, Ho-ho! Te-he !
And from his head two ears stuck out,
He said they were ears when I ventured to doubt,
So—Ears they had to be.

And as he sat on my trundle bed
I saw he was laughing at me.
Diamonds bright he had in his head
In the place where his eyes ought to be.
How he capered and danced with glee!

He had two rubies for his lips,
And he pelted me with apple-pips
Without An Apology.

Then he put his foot right into his ear,
And danced on a single toe.
I never before saw a sight so queer
As he shrieked, 'Don't tickle me so,
Little foot, Te-he! Ho-ho!'
Then he sang, 'My life is always jolly,
I laugh and dance and prance in my folly,
Until the cock doth crow.'

The Land o'Dreams

Yes, it was Puck!
Who whispered, it seems,
We should sail in a boat, if I'd agree,
Away in a boat on a shoreless sea,
Drifting around so lazily;
While the mermaids would sing to us drowsily
Of all the wonderful sights to be.
'Do not bring your purse or any money
For the Moon and the Stars always pay,' said he
'In the curious Land o'Dreams.'

Yes, it was Puck!
I took his wee hand
And we started forthwith upon our quest.
The daylight soon died away in the west
And each bird sought its little nest,
And folded their wings as they went to rest.
We found the boat waiting at Puck's behest,
So we floated away on the ocean's breast
And our lantern's light was a moonbeam blest,
On the way to Fairyland.

Yes! it was Puck!
With a voice like a bell,
He sailed the boat in the moonbeam's ray,
And sang to me softly till break of day;
Strange were the words I heard him say,
'Come, see all the wonders with nothing to pay,
But if Mermaids tempt you to join in their play,
You must shake your head and answer them, 'Nay'
Or they'll keep you forever and make you stay,
And the rest—I Dare Not Tell.'

Springtime

I like to put on Rubber Boots,
And make dams in the street,
Go slopping, slushing, to and fro
And stamp and stumble in the flow
Of water round my feet.

I like to take my Tomahawk,
Put Feathers in my hat,
And play at Indians in the wood;
I am old Chieftain Run-He-Could,
'The Fellows' call me that.

I like to take a fishing-pole
And stand upon a log
With Joe and Billy, Tom and Dan
And worms that wriggle in a can
And Towser—he's my dog.

I like to take off all my clothes
Beside the Swimming Pool;
The boys yell as they tumble in
And shout 'It's Fine' and shake, and grin,—
We go there after school.

O, the Springtime, the merry Springtime,
The time of laughter and the singtime!
Come boys and girls and girls and boys
And leap and run and make a noise
In the Springtime, the merry Springtime,
The time of laughter and the singtime.

Gilbert Parker

Canada's most distinguished novelist and one of the most popular; also a talented poet. Such well-known novels as *The Seats of the Mighty, When Valmond Came to Pontiac* and *The Right of Way* are from his pen. A number of his lyrics and sonnets have been set to music by famous composers. The Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart. was born in Camden East, Ontario, November 23, 1860, and is of United Empire Loyalist descent. His parents were Captain Joseph and Samantha Jane (Simmons) Parker. He was educated privately, and at Trinity College, Toronto. Sir Gilbert has lived in London, England, since the 1890's, represented Gravesend in the Imperial Commons

for seventeen years, and has had conferred on him these honorary degrees, D.C.L., Litt.D., and LL.D.

You'll Travel Far and Wide

You'll travel far and wide, dear, but you'll come back again,
You'll come back to your father and your mother in the glen,
Although we should be lyin' 'neath the heather grasses then—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

You'll see the icebergs sailin' along the wintry foam,
The white hair of the breakers, and the wild swans as they roam;
But you'll not forget the rowan beside your father's home—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

New friends will clasp your hand, dear, new faces on you smile;
You'll bide with them and love them, but you'll long for us the while;
For the word across the water, and the farewell by the stile—
For the true heart's here, my darlin'!

You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a brighter sky,
The roof-tree of your home, dear, it will be grand and high;
But you'll hunger for the hearthstone where, a child, you used to lie—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

And when your foot is weary, and when your heart is sore,
And you come back to the moor that spreads beyant your father's door,
There'll be many an ancient comrade to greet you on the shore—
At your comin' back, my darlin'!

Ah, the hillock cannot cover, and the grass it cannot hide
The love that never changeth, whatever wind or tide;
And though you'll not be seein', we'll be standin' by your side —
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

O, there's no home like the old home, there's no pillow like the breast
You slumbered on in childhood, like a young bird in the nest:
We are livin' still and waitin' and we're hopin' for the best—
Ah, you're comin' back, my darlin'—comin' back!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

A rare poet in a restricted area. Elsewhere I have written: "Marjorie Pickthall is a singing angel in a dream world, where struggling mortals are unknown, and where, with tranquil gaze and bird-like rapture, she pipes her perfect notes." Born in London, England, September 14, 1883. Came to Toronto with her parents when about seven years of age. Educated at Bishop Strachan School. Her genius flowered early and soon attracted attention. While still in her teens her poems were accepted by leading editors. Since her untimely death in a Vancouver hospital, April 19, 1922, after a surgical operation, a complete edition of her poems (181 exquisite lyrics and a poetic drama) and

a volume of her short stories have been published. Her fiction has also exceptional quality.

Swallows

O Little hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest.
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

O, Love has touched the fields of wheat
And Love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow Love's white feet
Through all the ways of morn.
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that Love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God.
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

Daisy Time

See, the grass is full of stars,
Fallen in their brightness;
Hearts they have of shining gold,
Rays of shining whiteness.

Buttercups have honeyed hearts,
Bees they love the clover,
But I love the daisies' dance
All the meadow over.

Blow, O blow, you happy winds,
Singing summer's praises,
Up the field and down the field
A-dancing with the daisies.

The Fairies' Farewell

We bid farewell to all our haunts,
The nooks where violets scent the air,
The river bank, where Iris flaunts
Her gold and purple blossoms fair.
The snow may hide the lonely fells,
Or softly fall the April rain,
The summer flow'rs may deck the dells,
But ne'er shall we return again.

Alas! for we shall wander wide,
Far from our well-loved woodland home.
The tinkling streamlets used to glide
Among the ferns where we would roam;
But now they turn the wheels of mills,
Enchained by man's untiring hand,
So bid good-bye to all the rills
And meadows of our native land.

Along the path we loved so well
There stands a row of shepherd's cots.
Each fern-clad nook and hidden dell
Is raked in prim-set garden plots.
Upon our heath a windmill stands,
A smoky hamlet rises near;
We flee away to other lands,
And leave our native country dear.

The gentle zephyrs murmur not
About the place, once fair and blest;
They used to cool the forest grot,
And rock the blossoms into rest.

But now they moan about the eaves
Of houses, wailing as in pain;
They rustle in the dying leaves,
For ne'er shall we return again.

Each fair ravine and verdant gorge
Echoes to man's unceasing toil,
Spindle and loom, and clanging forge,
So we must flee to alien soil.
We take once more our harps of gold,
And now shall every crag and fell,
And each fair spot we knew of old
Echo the fairies' last farewell.

The Pool

Come with me, follow me, swift as a moth,
Ere the wood-doves waken.
Lift the long leaves and look down, look down
Where the light is shaken,
Amber and brown,
On the woven ivory roots of the reed,
On a floating flower and a weft of weed
And a feather of froth.

Here in the night all wonders are,
Lapped in the lift of the ripple's swing,—
A silver shell and a shaken star,
And a white moth's wing.
Here the young moon when the mists unclose
Swims like the bud of a golden rose.

I would live like an elf where the wild grapes cling,
I would chase the thrush
From the red rose-berries.
All the day long I would laugh and swing
With the black choke-cherries.

I would shake the bees from the milkweed blooms
And cool, O cool,
Night after night I would leap in the pool,
And sleep with the fish in the roots of the rush.
Clear, O clear my dreams should be made
Of emerald light and amber shade,
Of silver shallows and golden glooms.
Sweet, O sweet my dreams should be
As the dark, sweet water enfolding me
Safe as a blind shell under the sea .

A Little Song of Angels

A lassie has a watering-pot,
A laddie has a spade,
And O, it was a pretty plot,
The garden Adam made.
There in the tender timeless years,
Ere yet our grief was born,
Came Michael through the slanted spears
To wake the rose at morn.

Raphael, Michael, Israfel,
They helped him weed and hoe
And planted pinks and pimpernel
And pansies in a row.
Under the striving starbright wings
The breeze sang like a choir
The fragrance of eternal springs,
Beauty and bloom and fire.

Young Adam drove the furrow straight,
The dawn was at his feet,
And Gabriel leaned on Eden-gate
To watch the dew-wet wheat.
And drifts of laughing cherubs drove
Like doves along the loam
What time the heavenly reapers strove
To lift the harvest home.

O all you lads and lassies, stay,
Take pity in your heart
On those who cast the rose away
And kept the thorny part.
For there was one, as I've heard tell,
Bright as a blade was he,
The little angel Azrael,
That wept beside God's knee.

Moon upon moon, the irised night
Came innocent of wrong,
Dawn upon dawn, the dreaming light
Lit all the hills with song.
And Raphael sheathed and Gabriel slept
Wing-folded in the shade,
With little new-born Death, who wept
For grief that he was made.

O, all you lads and lassies trim
Be gentle in your prayers
To all poor gardeners come from him
Who first gave ground for tares.
O, early, early grief was gleaned,
O, early wrath was stored,
And little Azrael, he leaned
And wept above his sword.

Edwin John Pratt

Associate Professor of English Literature in Victoria College, Toronto. Educated at the Methodist College, St. John's, Newfoundland; and at Victoria College, where in the Department of Philosophy he took both graduate and postgraduate courses. Born in Western Bay, Newfoundland, February 4, 1883, the son of a Methodist clergyman, the Rev. John Pratt. Dr. Pratt's knowledge and love of the sea may have been inherited from his maternal grandfather, William Knight, a famous captain in the seal industry. But while a boy on the coast of Newfoundland, his natural love of the sea had every opportunity to work itself out in action and observation. And so he has given the world in *The Witches' Brew*, *The Titans* and *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe*, three of the lengthiest and most original of sea poems.

The Shark

He seemed to know the harbour,
So leisurely he swam;
His fin,
Like a piece of sheet-iron,
Three-cornered,
And with knife-edge,
Stirred not a bubble
As it moved
With its base-line on the water.

His body was tubular
And tapered
And smoke-blue,
And as he passed the wharf
He turned,
And snapped at a flat-fish
That was dead and floating.
And I saw the flash of a white throat,
And a double row of white teeth,
And eyes of metallic grey,
Hard and narrow and slit.

Then out of the harbour,
With that three-cornered fin
Shearing without a bubble the water,
Lithely,
Leisurely,
He swam—
That strange fish,
Tubular, tapered, smoke-blue,
Part vulture, part wolf,
Part neither—for his blood was cold.

The Child and the Wren

It took three weeks to make them friends—
The wren in fear the maid molest
Those six white eggs within the nest
She built up at the gable-ends.

What fearful language might be heard
(If only English she could speak)
On every day of the first week,
All from the throat of that small bird!

The scolding died away, and then
The fear was followed by surprise
At such sky-blue within the eyes,
That travelled from the girl to wren.

But that third week! I do not know—
It's neither yours to tell nor mine—
Some understanding glance or sign
Had passed between them to and fro;

For never was her face so flushed,
Never so brilliant-blue her eye
At any gift that I could buy,
As at the news when in she rushed

To tell us that the wren had come,
With flutter and hop and gurgling sound,
From gable to tree, to shrub, to ground,
Right to her hand to get a crumb.

Charles G. D. Roberts

One of Canada's most eminent literary men: a poet of distinction, and the originator and probably the greatest living writer of the popular modern animal story. Born at Douglas, York county, N.B., January 10, 1860, eldest son of Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Fredericton and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, and his wife, Emma Wetmore Bliss, daughter of the Hon. G. P. Bliss, late Attorney-General of New Brunswick. Educated at Fredericton Collegiate School, and at the University of New Brunswick (B.A., 1879, with honours in Mental and Moral Science, and Political Economy; M.A., 1881; LL.D., honorary, 1906.) Roberts first book of poems (1880)

aroused a spirit of emulation in Lampman, Carman and others. His many books since are treasured as a national heritage.

The Ballad of Crossing the Brook

Oh, it was a dainty maid that went a-Maying in the morn,
A dainty, dainty maiden of degree.
The ways she took were merry and the ways she missed forlorn,
And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty maid;
The little winds they kissed her, every one;
At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not afraid;
And the water lay a-whimpling in the sun.

Oh, the dainty, dainty maid to the borders of the brook
Lingered down as lightly as the breeze;
And the shy water-spiders quit their scurrying to look;
And the happy water whispered to the trees.

She was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty, dainty maid;
But first she lifted up her elfin eyes
To see if there were cavalier or clown a-near to aid,—
And the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

The brook bared its pebbles to persuade her dainty feet,
But the dainty, dainty maid was not content.
She had spied a simple country lad (for dainty maid unmeet),
And the shy water twinkled as it went.

As the simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty maid,
(O maidens, well you know how it was done!)
Stood a-gazing at her feet until he saw she was afraid
Of the water there a-whimpling in the sun.

Now that simple lad had in him all the makings of a man;
And he stammered, 'I had better lift you over!'
Said the dainty, dainty maid—'Do you really think you can?'
And the water hid its laughter in the clover.

So he carried her across, with his eyes cast down,
And his foolish heart a-quaking with delight.
And the maid she looked him over with her elfin eyes of brown;
And the impish water giggled at his plight.

He reached the other side, he set down the dainty maid;
But he trembled so he couldn't speak a word.
Then the dainty, dainty maid—'Thank you, Sir! Good-day!' she said.
And the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.

Oh, she tripped away so lightly, a-Maying in the morn,
That dainty, dainty maiden of degree.
She left the simple country lad a-sighing and forlorn
Where the mocking water twinkled to the sea.

The Forest Fire

The night was grim and still with dread;
No star shone down from heaven's dome;
The ancient forest closed around
The settler's lonely home.

There came a glare that lit the north;
There came a wind that roused the night;
But child and father slumbered on,
Nor felt the growing light.

There came a noise of flying feet,
With many a strange and dreadful cry;
And sharp flames crept and leapt along
The red verge of the sky.

There came a deep and gathering roar.
The father raised his anxious head;
He saw the light, like a dawn of blood,
That streamed across his bed.

It lit the old clock on the wall,
It lit the room with splendour wild,
It lit the fair and tumbled hair
Of the still sleeping child;

And zigzag fence, and rude log barn,
And chip-strewn yard, and cabin grey,
Glowed crimson in the shuddering glare
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep;
The horse was hurried from his stall;
Up from the pasture clearing came
The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddle-bow.
Wildly, wildly, the father rode.
Behind him swooped the hordes of flame
And harried their abode.

The scorching heat was at their heels;
The huge roar hounded them in their flight;
Red smoke and many a flying brand
Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wildwood forms —
Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf,
Terrible-eyed with fear.

And closer drew the fiery death;
Madly, madly, the father rode;
The horse began to heave and fail
Beneath the double load.

The father's mouth was white and stern,
But his eyes grew tender with long farewell.
He said: 'Hold fast to your seat, Sweetheart,
And ride Old Jerry well!

I must go back. Ride on to the river.
Over the ford and the long marsh ride,
Straight on to the town. And I'll meet you Sweetheart,
Somewhere on the other side.'

He slipped from the saddle. The boy rode on.
  His hand clung fast in the horse's mane;
His hair blew over the horse's neck;
  His small throat sobbed with pain.

'Father! Father!' he cried aloud.
  The howl of the fire-wind answered him
With the hiss of soaring flames, and crash
  Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,
  With sinew braced and strength renewed.
The boy came safe to the river ford,
  And out of the deadly wood.

And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear,
  At play in the heart of the city's hum,
He stops in his play to wonder why
  His father does not come.

Lloyd Roberts

The eldest son of Charles G. D. Roberts (q.v.). Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, October 31, 1884. Educated in local schools and later at Windsor, Nova Scotia. Has published two books of good poetry, *England Over-Seas*, 1914, and *Along the Ottawa*, 1927. *The Book of Roberts* (excellent prose) appeared from his pen in 1923. Mr. Roberts is the Ottawa Correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, and is prominent in local literary circles. Since his 18th year, he has supported himself and family by his pen. Has been twice married and has one grown up married daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Roberts have an ideally located poet's home, 'Low Eaves', near Ottawa, on a

lake-like expansion of the river. Mrs. Roberts (née Leila White of New York State) also writes verse.

A Singing Tree

I once stood silent, aloof and free—
But now am become a Singing Tree.

For while I waited there apart
A little bird flew into my heart:

A little bird of brown and gold,
A timid bird, and yet so bold

It fluttered close to my gloomy breast
And builded there a silver nest;

And instantly there came a tune
Of a Golden Bird and a Silver Moon—

A song that only a tree can sing
When its leaves are touched with a golden wing.

O little bright Bird, abide with me,
In a silver nest in a Singing Tree!

Wonderland

(Introductory stanzas and Parts I, II, III and IV)

Come, little children, hand in hand,
And wander with me in Wonderland;
The beautiful things in this beautiful land
Oh, only your hearts could understand.

Only young hearts could with me stray
Over the hills and far away,
Into a land where all is play
And life is one long holiday.

For only the pure of heart can see
The flowers aflame on every tree;
Only the meek of heart can hear
Birds that are singing all the year.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful Wonderland!
Its fields lie green on either hand,
So close to you and so close to me
We have only to open our eyes to see:

I

Coral pink the flowers, amber gold and blue;
Tawny green the grasses diamonded with dew;
Every bush a blossom; sweet drive the snows
Through the hawthorn thickets as the west wind blows.

All adrift the clover, ten million strong,
Flaunting flags of battle, bursting into song
Like a fleet of galleons manned aloft with bees—
Bands of roaring buccaneers breasting scarlet seas.

Waves of orange splendour billow to our feet,
Pressed along by rose winds drifting through the heat.
Purple swirls of asters eddy as we pass
Through the marguerites that foam over deeps of grass.

For we are now in Wonderland, where flowers never fade;
Where colour floods like laughter up every field and glade,
Painting buds and berries and lips a brighter hue—
And you never saw such green grass nor ever sky so blue!

II

Stop a moment, Little Hearts, harken to the singing.
All the world's a-full of birds, all the woods are ringing—

Ringing with a million flutes, golden bells and chimes—
Every voice is carolling over Happy Times.

Scarlet crests and emerald throats,
Yellow vests and turquoise coats—
Every bird is dressed just as gaily as his notes.

Blue birds and bobolinks and soldier birds are twittering;
Everywhere we turn our eyes painted wings are flittering—
Flittering among the leaves, bursting into view
Where the snowy cherry sprays splash the summer blue.

For we are now in Wonderland, where all the things are glad;
Where neither bird nor blossom nor little child is sad;
Where there's so much of laughter even the leaves laugh too,
And you never saw such green grass nor ever sky so blue.

III

Little lambs are dancing in the way they've always done,
Dancing for the joy of it in meadows warm with sun;
And who can be their piper and why they leap so high,
The daffodils could tell you as they dance by.

The music is within, and it's Oh, too sweet to sing!
For it stirs one like the south-wind blowing up the birds
of Spring;
For it stirs one like the night-wind when it draws the
hosts of June
Dancing northward through the willows by a high wet
moon.

Circling with daisy chains in and out we go,
Splashed with yellow pollen from the petals that we
throw;
Our limbs and our hair and our hearts all free
As the summer winds that toss in the tall pine tree.

For we are now in Wonderland, where no one weary
grows,
And the lamest little brother can trip lightly on his toes,
Over upland meadows drenched in wind and dew,
Down among the green glades under skies of blue.

IV

A white cloth, a green field and the shade of one big tree,
And we ringed round the supper as hungry as can be—
Cheeks as red as apples, teeth and eyes agleam
Over bowls of junket and jugs of frothy cream.

Cakes and fruits and ices are piled on platters blue;
But as for bibs and tuckers, a burdock leaf will do;
And the food is never finished and the milk is ever
flowing,
While every bush along the bank is bright with berries
growing.

Overhead the tree-folk are sitting down to tea—
The red squirrels and chipmunks, just like you and me;
And every time the wind shakes their table-cloth of
green
Little crumbs of shell come dropping through the screen.

For we are now in Wonderland, where no one's ever poor,
Where food and drink are plenty and every day brings more;
Where the season's always summer and the world is never cold,
And not a fruit nor flower nor little child grows old.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Poet and novelist of distinction, the youngest brother of Charles G. D. Roberts (q.v.). Has confined himself chiefly to writing novels of adventure and romance, but is a very real poet. 'The Maid' is the best poem known to me on Joan of Arc. Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, July 7, 1877. Educated at Fredericton Collegiate School and the University of New Brunswick. Married in 1903 Miss Frances Seymour Allen. Their married daughter, Dorothy Roberts Leismer, has inherited the family gift of song and is fast winning recognition. Captain Roberts served at the Front in the Great War as Assistant Canadian Eye-Witness. Of his popular novels, *A Captain of Raleigh's, The Wasp, The Toll of the Tides* and *The Golden Highlander* are four of the best. Along with his poetry and fiction writing, he edits *Acadie,* a magazine founded in 1930.

The Maid

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid, and the white horse, and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The maid who rides for France and the king who rides for shame.
Gentlemen, fools and a saint, riding in Christ's high name!

Dust to dust it is written . . . Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of St. George and dust the banner of snow.
Dust are the bones of the king and dust the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valour. Forgotten, the captain's skill.
Forgiven, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill.
Blown dust are the shields that crashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

A dream of echoes and ghosts and dust forever a-blow;
A story from some old book, that battle of Long Ago . . .
Shadows, the poor French King and the might of his English Foe:
Shadows, the charging knights and the archers standing arow:
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with the banner of snow.

The Reckoning

Ye who reckon with England—
  Ye who sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
  And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships and your men,
  Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
  Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
  Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
  And the lion-heart in the fight—

Count well your horse and your swords,
Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who would ride against England
Must saber her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your mettle,
Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
Must war with a Mother's sons.

Crows on the River

Black crows out on the grey and white,
Flapping and cawing;
Loud geese up in the starry night;
Old snow thawed and old ice thawing;
The waking river, under his shell
Feels his muscles tingle and swell,
Squares his shoulders, heavy and sore . . .
Alders quiver along the shore!

Black wings over the white and grey
Flap up and down.
The ponds are flooded; the brooks are away;
The sappy alders are wet and brown.
The eager river, under the ice,
Humps his shoulders once, and twice—
Humps his shoulders just once more . . .
Open water along the shore!

Glad crows out in the windy sun,
  Cawing and flapping,
And riding the logs as they plunge and run
  And crash where the grinding jam is snapping;
Riding the wind and sailing the drift
  Where spent ice crumbles and torn trees lift;
Cheering the river with impish glee . . .
  Winter is tumbling out to sea!

Duncan Campbell Scott

One of Canada's most distinguished poets, and Deputy Superintendent General of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. In 1901, the eminent English literary and dramatic critic, William Archer, included him in *Poets of the Younger Generation,* with warm praise. Here are two of his sentences: "His work abounds in magically luminous phrases and stanzas." "There is scarcely a poem of Mr. Scott's from which one could not cull some memorable descriptive passage." Born in Ottawa, Canada, August 2, 1862. Educated in local public schools and at Stanstead Wesleyan Academy. His father was the Rev. William Scott (Methodist) and his mother's maiden name was Janet McCallum. He is an Ex-President of The Royal Society of Canada. The University of Toronto conferred on him the honorary degree of Litt.D.

At the Cedars

You had two girls—Baptiste—
One is Virginie—
Hold hard—Baptiste!
Listen to me.
The whole drive was jammed
In that bend at the Cedars,
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The Devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days—not a budge,
'She's as tight as a wedge, on the ledge,'
Says our foreman;
'Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear.'

He cursed at the men
And we went for it then;
With our cant-dogs arow,
We just gave he-yo-ho;
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled and tore
For the shore,
The logs gave a grind
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash,
But I and ten more,
All but Isaac Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in the front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along
He balanced his pole
And tossed us a song.
But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet square and fair,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block
With the shock,
And when he was there
In the air,
Kissed his hand to the land;
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him
And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know—on the still side.
One was down by the water,
She saw Isaac
Fall back.

She did not scream, Baptiste,
She launched her canoe;
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—

Baptiste—
He had two girls,
One is Virginie,
What God calls the other
Is not known to me.

The Voice and the Dusk

The slender moon and one pale star,
  A rose leaf, and a silver bee
From some god's garden blown afar,
  Go down the gold deep tranquilly.

Within the south there rolls and grows
  A mighty town with tower and spire,
From a cloud bastion masked with rose
  The lightning flashes diamond fire.

The purple martin darts about
  The purlieus of the iris fen;
The king-bird rushes up and out,
  He screams and whirls and screams again.

A thrush is hidden in a maze
  Of cedar buds and tamarac bloom,
He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
  A flash of emeralds in the gloom.

A voice is singing from the hill
  A happy love of long ago;
Ah! tender voice, be still, be still,
  'Tis sometimes better not to know.

The rapture from the amber height
  Floats tremblingly along the plain,
Where in the reeds with fairy light
  The lingering fireflies gleam again.

Buried in dingles more remote,
  Or drifted from some ferny rise,
The swooning of the golden throat
  Drops in the mellow dusk and dies.

A soft wind passes lightly drawn,
A wave leaps silverly and stirs
The rustling sedge, and then is gone
Down the black cavern in the firs.

Frederick George Scott

This distinguished Canadian poet was born in Montreal, April 7, 1861. His father was the late Dr. William Edward Scott, for many years Professor of Anatomy in McGill University. Educated at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, (B.A., 1881; M.A., 1884; D.C.L. honorary, 1902) and at King's College, London. Rev. Dr. Scott is Archdeacon of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec. Was Major and Senior Chaplain of the 1st Canadian Division in the Great War, and is now Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel, C.M.G., D.S.O. After publishing several books of verse of recognized quality, his *Collected Poems* was issued in 1910. Since then he has given us *In the Battle Silences,* 1916; *The Great War As I Saw It,* 1922; and *New Poems,* 1929. Married in 1887, and has five sons and one daughter living.

Jack

You're only a dumb little dog, Jack,
About ten or twelve pounds or so,
And your wits must be all in a fog, Jack,
If you have any wits, I know.

But you've two such soft brown eyes, Jack,
And such long grey silky hair;
And, what very much more I prize, Jack,
Such a warm little heart in there.

They say warm hearts are rare, Jack,
And I almost believe that it's true;
But there aren't many hearts can compare, Jack,
With that staunch little heart in you.

Of course, we that speak and can read, Jack,
Have plenty of friendships sweet;
But, in spite of them all, there's a need, Jack,
For a friend like the friend at my feet.

This planet must seem a queer place, Jack,
To your poor little limited mind;
For I fancy you never can trace, Jack,
The reasons for half that you find.

You're not bothered with questions like us, Jack,
About forces and morals and laws;
And you never get worried or fuss, Jack,
When you cannot discover a cause.

But you go your own little way, Jack,
With a wag of the tail for a friend;
And in spite of our talk, I dare say, Jack,
That we don't do much more in the end.

1888

The River

Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool;
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,
Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
With the music of the stars.

Foch

I

In the last trench of all
Our general lies,
No thunderous shells appal,
There are no enemies;
In life's calm, evening peace he dies.

II

Who watch unseen around his bed?
The gallant souls he led,—
Living and dead,

Some still pressing through the strife
Of human life,
Some who the weary battlefields once trod,
But through the gates of War have found the peace of God.

III

His eyes are turned away from earthly things,
From diplomats and kings,
From plots and counterplots and wild imaginings.
No maps spread out before him, marking roads;
He sends no messages by secret codes;
The way lies plain before him, and his Guide
Waits by his side,
One who once stilled the wild sea's strife—
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

IV

Now the old warrior must go forth alone,
In the rich glories of the setting sun.
His work is done.
With all earth's honours on his breast.
This is his greatest fight and best,
The prelude of eternal rest.
In the last trench he lies,
Where no fierce guns appal
Waiting with calm, with fearless eyes,
Death's bugle call.
March 19, 1929.

Armistice

Over the broken dead,
Over the trenches and wire,
Bugles of God rang out—
'Cease Fire.'

Woe to those nations of men
Who, in their heat or desire,
Break that stern order of God—
'Cease Fire.'

Robert W. Service

An English poet, born in Lancashire in 1876, and educated in Glasgow in the Hillhead High School and in the University of Glasgow. Came to Canada in his 21st year. Service is known to fame, particularly, as 'The Poet of The Klondike', for his talent burst into flower at White Horse in the Yukon District, while he was a bank clerk there. *Songs of a Sourdough* (1907) brought him fame and fortune. Its popularity was almost immediate and its sales soon extended into tens of thousands of copies. Other books of verse followed which were only less popular, and a novel or two. During the great war he drove a motor ambulance, and since then has lived in Paris, France, where he married a French girl. This is not an attempt to claim this author as a Canadian poet. He is included because he won distinction on Canadian soil with Canadian themes.

Little Moccasins

Come out, O Little Moccasins, and frolic on the snow!
Come out, O tiny beaded feet, and twinkle in the light!
I'll play the old Red River reel, you used to love it so:
Awake, O Little Moccasins, and dance for me to-night!

Your hair was all a gleamy gold, your eyes a corn-flower blue;
Your cheeks were pink as tinted shells, you stepped light as a fawn;
Your mouth was like a coral bud, with seed pearls peeping through;
As gladdening as Spring you were, as radiant as dawn.

Come out, O Little Moccasins! I'll play so soft and low,
The songs you loved, the old heart-songs that in my mem'ry ring;
O child, I want to hear you now beside the camp-fire glow,
With all your heart a-throbbing in the simple words you sing!

For there were only you and I, and you were all to me;
And round us were the barren lands, but little did we fear;
Of all God's happy, happy folks the happiest were we . . .
(Oh, call her, poor old fiddle mine, and maybe she will hear!)

Your mother was a half-breed Cree, but you were white all through;
And I your father was—but, well, that's neither here nor there;
I only know, my little Queen, that all the world was you,
And now that world can end to-night, and I will never care.

For there's a tiny wooden cross that pricks up through the snow:
(Poor Little Moccasins! you're tired, and so you lie at rest.)
And there's a grey-haired, weary man beside the camp-fire glow:
(O fiddle mine, the tears to-night are drumming on your breast.)

The Cremation of Sam McGee

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam round the Pole God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that he'd 'sooner live in hell'.

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze, till sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and, 'Cap', says he, 'I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request.'

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:
'It's the cursèd cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'taint being dead, it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains.'

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn, but God! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror driven,
With a corpse half-hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: 'You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains.'

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone fire-light, while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God, how I loathed that thing!

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I wouldn't give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the 'Alice May'.
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum
Then 'Here', said I, with a sudden cry, 'is my cre-ma-tor-eum.'

So planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I couldn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with
grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again
I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: 'I'll just take a
peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and its time I looked.' . . . . then the
door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart
of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said:
'Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold
and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first
time I've been warm.'

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Virna Sheard

Favourably known as poet and novelist. Has published four books of verse of lyrical sweetness and charm; and recently *Fortune Turns Her Wheel,* a novel of much romantic interest. Her husband was the late Dr. Charles Sheard, M.P., who represented a Toronto riding for a number of years. Mrs. Sheard's maiden name was Virginia Stanton. She was born at Cobourg, Ontario, and educated there and in Toronto. Her father was Mr. Eldridge Stanton, of United Empire Loyalist descent. One of

her grandmothers was a first cousin of Wendell Phillips, the famous abolitionist. Virna Sheard is the mother of four sons, three of them professional men. Her poetry is characterized by spirituality, and that human sympathy which has its source in experience and deep feeling.

Exile

Ben-Arabie was the Camel,
  Belonging to the Zoo.
He lived there through a dozen years
  With nothing much to do,
But chew and chew and chew and chew,
  And chew and chew and chew.

He wondered when he might go home
  And what they kept him for,
Because he hated Zooish sounds
And perfumes—more and more:
Decidedly he hated them
  Much more and more and more.

And why the world turned white and cold
  He did not understand.
He wanted only lots of sun
  And lots and lots of sand:
Just lots of sun and sand and sand
  And sand and sand and sand.

He longed to see an Arab sheik,
  And Arab girls and boys;
The kind of noise he yearned for most
  Was plain Arabian noise:
The sound of little drums and flutes
  And all that sort of noise.

He leaned against the wind to hear
The sound of harness bells;
He sniffed the air for scent of spice,
The nomad merchant sells;
He dreamed of pleasant tinkling bells,
Of spice and tinkling bells.

The keepers said that he grew queer;
They wondered why he sighed;
They called him supercilious
And crabbed and sun-dried:
Indeed he was quite crabbed and
Exceedingly sun-dried.

But ere his woolly fur was gone
They put him on a train,
For a rich old Arab bought him
And sent him home again.
O joyous day! He sent him home,
He sent him home again!

A Southern Lullaby

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight;—
(Shadow-man is comin' from de moon)—
You's as sweet as roses if dey *is* so pink and white;
(Shadow-man'll get here mighty soon.)

Little honey baby, keep yo' footses still!—
(Rocky-bye, oh, rocky, rocky-bye!)
Hush yo' now, and listen to dat lonesome whip-po'-will;
Don't yo' fix yo' lip and start to cry.

Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick!
(Hear de hoot-owl in de cotton-wood!)
Yes—I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere triflin' trick—
(He gets chillun if dey isn't good.)

Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?—
(Sister keep on climbin' to de sky—)
Dat's a June bug—it aint got no stinger, lak a bee—
(Reach de glory city by an by.)

Little honey baby, what yo' skerry at?—
(Go down, Moses—down to Phar-e-oh,)—
No—dat isn't nuffin' but a furry fly-round bat;—
(Say, he'd betta let dose people go.)

Little honey baby, yo' is all ma own,—
Deed yo' is.—Yes,—dat's a fia-fly;—
If I didn't hab yo'—reckon I'd be all alone;
(Rocky-bye—oh, rocky, rocky-bye!)

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight;—
(Shadow man is comin' from de moon)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink and white;
(Shadow-man'll get here mighty soon.)

The lines in brackets are supposed to be sung or chanted. The Southern 'Mammy' seldom sang a song through, but interladed it with comments.—V. S.

The Lily-Pond

On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of His sky.

Through the scented dark when the night wind sighs,
He mirrors His stars where the ripples rise,
Till they glitter like prisoned fireflies.

'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves uncurl,
And here the lilies uplift and unfurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carven pearl.

When the grey of the eastern sky turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down to drink.

And creatures to whom only God is kind,
The loveless small things, the slow, and the blind
Soft steal through the rushes, and comfort find.

Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the dead men be;
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.

A. M. Stephen

An architect and engineer by profession, but has not practised for several years. Has been devoting himself almost exclusively to literary work. His first book of poems, *The Rosary of Pan,* was printed in 1923, and since then he has edited two books of literature for the schools of British Columbia, and published a second and more popular book of poems and two Western novels. Mr. Stephen's verse seems to me to be of better quality than his fiction; but with his talent, knowledge and ambition, he has plenty of time to achieve more greatly in either. Born near Hanover, Ontario, of Scotch parentage. His father, a relation of Sir Leslie Stephen, was a Public School Principal. His mother was a grand niece of Sir Robert Whiteford of Ballochmyle, Scotland. In his young manhood, was engaged in mining, ranching and teaching school.

The Legend of Siwash Rock

This is the legend of T'elsh,
Happy beyond desire,
Calmly, till time shall cease,
Facing the sunset's fire.

Lightly the salt winds pass,
Touching his carven face.
Silent the Great Chief stands,
Lost to his ancient race.

In the days before the white man,
When the Saghalie Tyee
Smiled upon his Indian brothers
In their lodges by the sea,
Roamed the Two Transformers, searching,
Through the paths of good and ill,
For the hidden thread of promise
That bound earth to His will.

By the sunlit waters gleaming
Round the fir-clad cliffs that lean
Darkly o'er the mirrored forest,
Dwelt a warrior, straight and clean.
Swift his step in woodland places
Brought the quarry to his feet.
In his lodge the chests were laden
With their store of oil and meat.

Rich was T'elsh, the Salish hunter,
And his two wives sang with pride
As they wove the fragrant cedar
Into robes beside the tide,
Echoing back their happy crooning,
In its voice of mystery
Mingling words of lowly love-songs
With the magic of the sea.

Floating softly as a moonbeam
In his light canoe, our brave
Filled an hour with idle dreaming
As he watched the rippling wave
Blend with dusk along the shore-line.
'T'elsh!' A great Voice fell
On the silence of the waters
Like the deep tones of a knell.

'T'elsh!' He turned in dark amazement,
There beheld a long canoe
Resting in the radiance near him,
But the craft no shadow threw
Nor the Two who held the paddles.
Tall and stern and god-like were They,
Chieftains, royal in mien and feature
As the star that guides the day.

'Tis the Great Tyee has sent us!
In our hands, His gifts we bring.
Search thy heart. Each wish is granted
From the bounty of our King!'
Now did T'elsh grow silent, pondering,
Then he lifted high his head—
Laughed and faced the Two who watched him.
'Lo, I am rich—too rich,' he said.

In the words that flow like waters
Falling in a sparkling shower,
Painted They the might and wonder,
Wealth and plenty, pride and power—
All the treasures of Their store-house
And the joys in heaven that dwell
But the warrior smiled and answered,
'I have conquered heaven and hell.

'Lo, the world is mine! It gives me
More than heart could e'er desire.
Keep your gifts for those who crave them.
Keep your gifts to feed their fire
Who are longing for a future
To repay their present ills.
No need has he for heavens
Whom the earth with glory fills!'

Darkness fell on T'elsh, the hunter,
  Like a cloud it wrapped him round
And the sea beneath him, shaken,
  Trembled with a mighty sound.
'Glad the heart of the Great Chieftain!
  He has found one man on earth
Who is proud of his own manhood
  And the soil that gave him birth!

'You shall stand, O T'elsh, immortal
  When the tribes have passed away
Who, in discontent, are wailing
  For their night to turn to day.
Crowned with splendour, you shall watch them
  Writhing in their self-made fire
While your eyes shall feast on beauty
  In a land beyond desire!'

Arthur Stringer

One of the most prolific and successful of Canadian authors. Lives with his family (wife and children) in New Jersey, U.S.A. Ranks high among present-day poets and is a popular novelist. Born in London, Ontario, son of Hugh Arbuthnot Stringer. Educated in local schools and at the Universities of Toronto and Oxford. To gain experiences for literary purposes, Arthur Stringer has endured hardships in rough places as well as lived in ease and comfort among cultured and sophisticated friends. *Sappho in Leucadia,* a poetic drama, is probably his supreme effort in poetry but his latest volume of verse, *A Woman at Dusk,* contains much poetry, original in conception and of high artistic finish. Of his many novels, *The Prairie Wife, The Prairie Mother* and *The Prairie Child* (*a triology*) are probably the most significant.

Caoch O'Lynn

Och, here I am wid arms and legs,
  Wid all me thravellin's far from home!
Wid all me curlin' seas to cross
  And all me clamorin' world to roam!

Wid all me jiggin', port to port,
Carousin', rovin', round the earth—
But wanst the thing's been said and done,
What's all me mad adventurin' worth?

For here lies little Caoch O'Lynn,
Who's niver fared from bed nor house;
Wid crooked leg and twisted spine,
As chirpy as a grackle-grouse!

He tells me av the thrips he takes;
The landin'-parties wanst he led,
The foreign ports so spiced and fine,
Betwixt the spindles av his bed!

He tells me av the secret thrail
That leads to some ould Castle stair
Where shleeps a Princess sad and pale
Wid half a mile av golden hair!

He tells me av Tangier and Fez,
Av Cartagena, Suakim,
And all the flashin', lashin' seas
That iver wait and wave for him!

From Chiny round to Spanish Main
He sings and thravels—in his mind—
A King of Dreams who's clean forgot
The crooked back he's left behind!

Exile

In the dead av the night, acushla,
When the new big house is still,
I think av the childer' thick as hares
In the ould house under the hill!

And I think av the times, alanna,
That we harkened the peewit's cry,
And how we ran to the broken gate
When the piper av Doon went by!

In the dead of the year, acushla,
When me wide new fields are brown,
I think av that wee ould house,
At the edge av the ould gray town!

I think av the rush-lit faces,
Where the room and loaf was small:
Yet the new years seem the lean years,
And the ould years, best av all!

The Robin in the Square

It whistles and flutes in the twilight,
It calls through the ghost-like trees,
Till I feel the cool of the steadfast North
And the balm of the pineland breeze.

And deep in the dust-crowned city
The old-time rapture wakes,
And I know once more the balsam scent
And the sweep of the plunging Lakes.

It carries me out of the clamour
Where the turbulent engines sing
Of the years men lose in futile strife,
And leaves me a child of Spring.

It leaves me a child of wonder,
Facing a pine-fringed West,
Feeling that peace is life's last gift,
And knowing that love is best!

The Children's Theatre

(Until recently the New York Educational Alliance maintained in the heart of the East Side a theatre for children, where folk-lore plays and the simpler forms of drama were given.)

Wide-eyed and wistful, with the dream
Still on their faces, with the gleam
Of lost romance still in their gaze,
I used to watch them through the haze
Of falling night. I used to see
The white brows touched with mystery,
The startled faces greet once more
The city's million-throated roar.

With beauty on each wondering brow,
Gladdened at heart they knew not how,
I saw the wide-eyed children greet
The ghostlike dusk, the ghostlike street,
Hearing the ghostlike song of steel,
The far-off roar of rail and wheel,

Still dreaming they might glimpse afar
Some half-assuaging Ingomar,
Or see Snow-White beside a gnome,
Or track the Little Princess home,
Or, turning into Chatham Square,
Find new Orlandos waiting there,
Or witches gathering magic herbs
Along the Bowery's granite curbs!

Still dazed and hushed, I saw them face
Their city grown a wondrous place,
Since forth with them they brought a gift
That only fairy hands may lift,
A glimpse of far-off kingdoms where
Great deeds are done, the golden air
Of old romance again made new,
The castles where all dreams come true!

I used to watch them creep again
Out to their ghostlike world of pain,
To find at last some beauty in
The dark and undeciphered din

Of life that thundered close about
The casual lives it trampled out.

Aye, child by wistful child they turned
Where dull the yellow street-lamps burned,
And for a breath they caught the gleam,
And for a moment dreamed the dream!

The Final Lesson

I have sought beauty through the dust of strife,
I have sought meaning for the ancient ache,
And music in the grinding wheels of life;
Long have I sought, and little found as yet
Beyond this truth: that Love alone can make
Earth beautiful, and life without regret!

Frances Beatrice Taylor

A great grand-daughter of William Taylor, who came from Ireland in 1828 to found a Grammar School in London, Upper Canada. This educator of repute was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and had been tutor to the sons of the Viceroy, Dublin Castle. Miss Taylor was born at Brussels, Ontario, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leslie Taylor; and was educated privately under her father. Her *White Winds of Dawn* was published in 1924. Of the verse therein, one good critic says in part: "Miss Taylor thinks in terms of poetry and dreams in a world of imaginative beauty. But she can touch the earth without soiling her wings. Best of all, she sounds the clear, pure harmonious note of human understanding." Since 1919 she has been editor of the "Women's Department" in the *London Free Press.*

The Fruit Vendor

The red-kerchiefed fruit man
Cries his gay wares
Up and down the city streets,
Through the quiet squares.

Over every door-sill
The little children run,
To beg pomegranates
Ripened in the sun!

Ruddy-throated pomegranates,
Ripened in the sun,
Veiled in moon-mist gossamer,
By fairy spiders spun;
Webs of fairy gossamer
Along the branches run!

The red-kerchiefed fruit-man
In the noisy street,
Treads cool cobbles
With weary feet;
Hears far waves calling
Along a sunny beach—
And one buys a yellow plum,
And one a rosy peach.

Velvet-warm peaches
In rosy damask rolled,
And great, round, melon-globes,
Hollowed in gold,
And wine-ripe cherries,
For a penny sold.

The red-kerchiefed fruit man
At a strange door,
Hears far waves crying
Along a summer shore,
Offers clustered grapes for sale,
Mellowed headily—
And hears birds calling,
Beside a summer sea!

Hears a flute calling
Very far and sweet;
In moon-white orchards
The lilt of dancing feet . . .
And bargains for silver bits
Along the dusty street.

Roads

The white road goes up the hill,
And the white road goes down,
But all the roads go journeying
Beyond the little town.

The travellers pass before my gate
I count them one by one, —
My heart is out and after them,
And all my work undone.

I dare not shut my tired eyes
Against the sun's sweet flare
For dreams come flying through the dark
And build high cities there.

With climbing spire and soaring tower
And steeple etched in gold,—
Lord, these be far too glorious things
For hungry eyes to hold.

I have a lily flower in bloom
Beside the greening well,
At noon the velvet-coated bees
Sleep in her silver bell.

I have a long, fine seam to sew
A long, long task to do,—
O travellers, O travellers,
Bid me set out with you!

Adventure wears a crimson cloak
And Love a chaplet green,—
And all the shouting minstrel men
Dance in and out between.

Danger goes masked and hooded by,
Youth drops beside the way,—
O God, how safe and high these walls,
Let me go forth to-day!

There are dark mosques against the sky
And flaming minarets,
There are sweet seas on alien shores
No wanderer forgets.

And kings ride by in chariots
To castles turreted,
And men sing songs in strange tongues
And strange words are said.

I could be busy all day long,
And quiet early and late,
Were it not for the merry road
That marches by my gate.

I cannot work, I dare not sleep
Lest some should ask for me;
O Travellers, O Travellers,
You pass unheedingly!

Albert Durrant Watson

Born January 8, 1859,—youngest son of William Youle and Mary A. (Aldred) Watson—in Dixie, Peel county, Ontario. Educated at Toronto Normal School, and at Victoria and Edinburgh Universities. Practised medicine in Toronto for forty years. Author of a dozen books of poetry and prose, among which *Love and the Universe, The Immortals and Other Poems,* and *The Sovereignty of Character: Lessons from the Life of Jesus,*

stand out. His Sacred songs are in several hymn-books. Like certain eminent men in England, Dr. Watson was keenly interested in Psychical Research, and edited and wrote three books relating thereto. Died unexpectedly, May 3, 1926. Survived by widow, three sons and two daughters. A complete edition of his poems in one large single volume has been published.

The Sparrow

A little meal of frozen cake,
  A little drink of snow,
And when the sun is setting,
  A broad-eaved bungalow.

A little hopping in the sun
  Through all the wintry day,
A little chirping blithely
  Till March drifts into May.

A little creature's simple life
  And Love, its life to keep,
That careth for the sparrow
  Even when it falls asleep.

Dandelions

The golden dandelion stars
  Are surely loved of God the most
Of all the blossoms since He made
  Them an innumerable host.

From many an oriel of the sky
  Angels must look with raptured face
Upon those lovely, lowly flowers
  That we have scorned as commonplace.

They fade before their youth is past;
  Their silver heads rise like a prayer,
Not for a truer angel love,
  But for a tenderer human care.

In simple things a beauty lies
That lustres all our onward way,
And love speaks clear and constantly
In language of the common day.

The Freesia Flower

Have you heard the tiny trumpets
That the little freesias blow
When the whimsies of the winter
Toss in whirlwinds of the snow?

Only pure and gentle spirits
Can the dainty music hear
When the freesia blows her trumpets
In the morning of the year;

But the faint and dulcet voices
Drifting to the heavens above
Murmur with harmonious gladness
Raptures of a lyric love;

And their breath is rich as Eden,
Making all the flowery air
Like a summer in a forest
Or the incense of a prayer.

The Long Look

There's a nook in the hills where the green vines creep
Over rock and roof and tree;
From a lofty ledge the waters leap
To foam in a silver sea.

The white-winged eagle circles far
From her eyrie-crag aloof;
Her nest is out on a jutting spar
And safe from the wild goat's hoof.

The jack-pines dream on the sloping height,
And a tent of blue is spread
Over misty billows fleecy white
That halo the mountain's head.

I revel there in the long, long look
Through vistas of vesper light,
And await with a thrill in my mountain nook
My star-eyed sister Night.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald is the author of five books of charming lyrics and sonnets,—the kind and quality that appeal to all readers. In her lyrics her spirit is intertwined exquisitely with many phases of nature, and as a writer of sonnets she ranks very high. Her sonnet scheme or plan is the most difficult of the Italian or Petrarchan School, yet the rhythm flows with lyric ease . . . Born at Rockwood, Ontario, April 26, 1857. Her father, the Rev. William Wetherald, was founder of the Rockwood Academy, and its first Principal. Miss Wetherald has lived for many years on the homestead fruit farm, near Fenwick, Ontario, where for seclusion, she has a nest like a bird in an old willow tree. Her *Complete Poems*, 350 in all, will be published in 1931.

The Wise Frogs

Early in the spring, with the wind on my cheek,
I went to the pond an old friend to seek.
'Old Friend Frog, what's the weather like? Speak!'
Then a voice responded very low and weak:
'Still rather bleak, still rather bleak;
Bu-bu-bu-bl-eak, bu-bu-bu-bl-eak.'

Later in the spring, with only just a few
Of my frog acquaintances, I said, 'How do you do?
Pleasant weather this, and a very pleasant view,

And isn't that a lovely-looking sky?' 'Quite true.
Very pretty blue, very pretty blue;
Bu-bu-bu-bl-ue, bu-bu-bu-bl-ue.'

Warm grew the nights, and loud as a loom
Floated all the water voices up to my room.
'Tell me of the earth,' I whispered through the gloom.
'Is it full of flowers?' They answered with a boom:
'Full, full of bloom, full, full of bloom;
Bu-bu-bu-bl-oom, bu-bu-bu-bl-oom.'

Blossom Time

Spring time, sing time, let us make a ring rhyme,
Dancing down the orchard path in a bird-on-wing time.
May dews are pearlier, May branches burlier,
And the little school-bound feet early start and earlier,
So as to have a long time, and a sunny song time
Ere we reach the schoolhouse door, nine o'clock and gong time.
Longer will the morns be and full of jubilation,
When the harvest apples drop in the glad vacation.

May time, play time, don't we have a gay time
Underneath the orchard boughs at the close of daytime!
Busy lips chattering, pink blooms scattering,
On the lifted face and hands now we feel them spattering;
Then with hearts as feather-light, tripping off together, quite
Like a pair of birds, so happy are we in this weather bright.
Fairer will the days be and full of jubilation,
When the peaches colour up in the glad vacation.

The Cicada

When the sun is hot and growing hotter,
And the pond is dry as the ink on a blotter,

When dust on the lilac leaves is showing,
And the grass is hay before the mowing,
Then up where the orchard leaves are brittle,
Comes the scrape of a violin sharp and little,
Zeek, zeek,
Creak, creak,
Sweet is the heat of the midsummer's cheek.

When everything glares excepting the pine-trees,
And mercury stands tip-toe in the nineties,
When even the grasshoppers, tree-toads and crickets
Are gasping for breath in the meadows and thickets,
Then he tucks his fiddle beneath his green chin,
And screek, screek, goes the shrill violin.
Zeek, zeek,
Creak, creak,
Sweet is the heat of the weather I seek.

Dear little fiddler, oh, how I wonder
What you creep into or what you crawl under
When the cold rain comes. Small summer-lover,
Where is your refuge and what is your cover?
Play once again now the chill days begin.
Weak, weak, goes the shrill violin,
Weak, weak,
Meek, meek,
Music is weak as the days grow bleak.

The Baby who was Three-Fourths Good

'Now will you be good?' said little Bob Wood,
To his baby sister Sue,
As he lifted his hand with a look of command,
And the baby answered 'Goo!'

'You've sucked Noah's paint till he looks quite faint,
And wrecked nearly all his crew.
Is that being good?' asked stern Bobby Wood
And the baby gurgled out 'Goo!'

'You mean pretty well, so seldom you yell,
And you never were known to look blue;
But you're not always good—that's quite understood—'
And the little one laughed and said 'Goo!'

'Goo is three-fourths of good,' said wise Bobby Wood,
'I suppose that's the best you can do;
But when you're as big as I am, you sprig,
You'll have to be good clear through.'

The Rain-Pipe and the Roof

Pitter, patter, says the roof; pitter, patter pat!
The water through the rainpipe is slinking like a cat.
Hurry, scurry! calls the roof; the drops are coming thick;
And then we hear the pipe go, trick-a-lick-a-lick!
Rattle-battle! cries the roof, rattle-battle-rush!
Slusha-gusha! goes the pipe, slusha-flusha-gush!
Roaring, pouring! shouts the roof, and harder comes the roar;
Close up all the windows, and fasten tight the door.
Springing from the eave trough with a splashing sound,
See the merry water jumping to the ground!
Slower, lower, chimes the roof, rinka, tanka, tink!
Urgle, gurgle, says the pipe; tinka, linka, link!
Pitter, patter! says the roof; pitter, patter, pat.
Tinka-link, the rain pipe, ticka, licka—spat!

The Door of Spring

How shall we open the door of Spring
That Winter is holding wearily shut?
Though winds are calling and waters brawling,
And snow decaying and light delaying,
Yet will it not move in its yielding rut
And back on its flowery hinges swing,
Till wings are flapping
And woodpeckers tapping
With sharp, clear rapping
At the door of Spring.

How shall we fasten the door of Spring
Wide, so wide that it cannot close?
Though buds are filling and frogs are trilling,
And violets breaking and grass awaking,
Yet doubtfully back and forth it blows

Till come the birds, and the woodlands ring
With sharp beak stammer—
The sudden clamour
Of the woodpecker's hammer
At the door of Spring.

The Red-Winged Blackbird

Black beneath as the night,
With wings of a morning glow,
From his sooty throat three syllables float,
Ravishing, liquid, low;
And 'tis oh, for the joy of June,
And the bliss that ne'er can flee
From that exquisite call, with its sweet, sweet fall—
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

Long ago as a child,
From the bough of a blossoming quince,
That melody came to thrill my frame,
And whenever I've caught it since,
The spring-soft blue of the sky
And the spring-bright bloom of the tree
Are a part of the strain—ah, hear it again!—
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

And the night is tenderly black,
The morning eagerly bright,
For that old, old spring is blossoming
In the soul and in the sight.
The red-winged blackbird brings
My lost youth back to me,
When I hear in the swale, from a gray fence rail,
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

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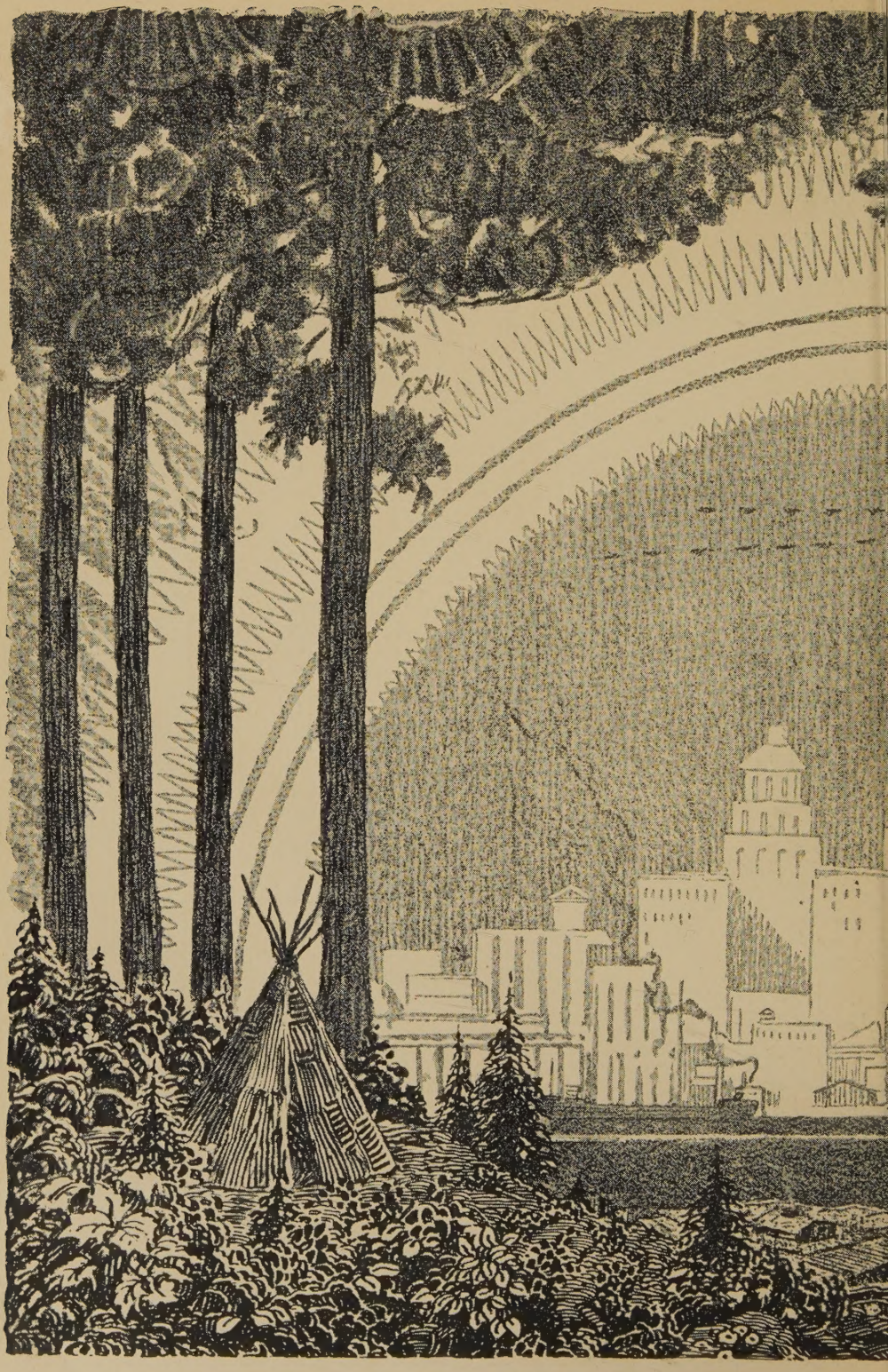

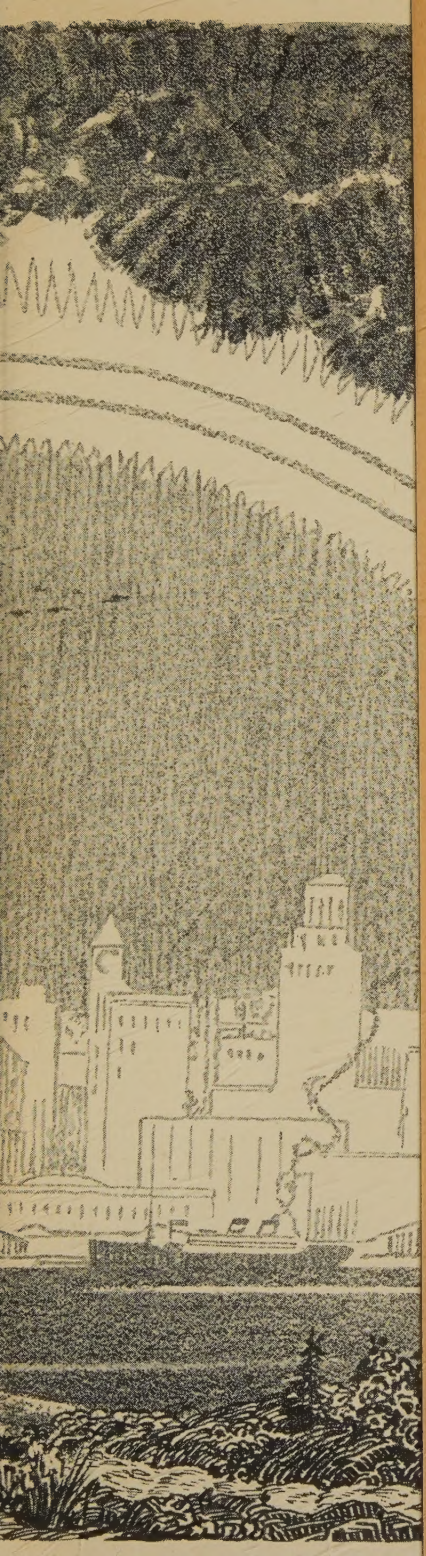

THE GOLDEN STAIRCASE

The drawing at the top of this page is taken from the cover of "The Golden Staircase". Isn't it a gay invitation to climb its steps? And the steps are very interesting for they are made of poems. The first steps of the staircase are simple poems for junior readers; the next steps are poems for older readers and the top steps are poems for boys and girls who are just entering their 'teens. Robert Louis Stevenson, Jane Taylor, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Bridges, Rose Fyleman and almost one hundred other poets, are represented. With merry line drawings by C. E. Brock and H. M. Brock. Bound in cloth boards. $3.00

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